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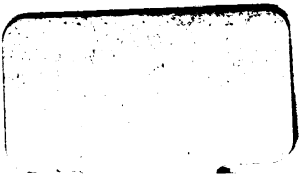

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ARTIST-BIOGRAPHIES.

TURNER.

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PREFACE.

WHEN Thornbury was collecting the materials for the biography of Turner, Ruskin admonished him thus: "Fix at the beginning the following main characteristics of Turner in your mind, as the keys to the secret of all he said and did: *Uprightness*, *generosity*, *tenderness* of heart (extreme), *sensuality*, *obstinacy* (extreme), *irritability*, *infidelity*. And be sure that he knew his own power, and felt himself utterly alone in the world from its not being understood. Don't try to mask the dark side." Accordingly, and following the facts, Thornbury has shown "the head of gold united to feet of clay;" and no biographer who wishes to present a clear and correct view of the great English landscape-painter can do otherwise.

The present work is based on the last edition of Walter Thornbury's voluminous biography of J. M. W. Turner, a book which bears internal evidence that its author made diligent researches on all sides, seeking for new data about his subject. It is to be regretted that the great mass of materials thus gath-

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ered is deprived of much of its natural interest by a lack of lucid arrangement and proper collating.

Elsewhere I have found valuable assistance from the works of Dafforne, Hamerton, Miller, Leslie, Redgrave, and other writers on British art. But, more than all other writers, John Ruskin has been my guide and teacher throughout this undertaking, and I have seldom ventured to question the justness of his conclusions. Great love is often blind to faults, yet even the passionate enthusiasm of Ruskin became sometimes judicial.

When you shall have finished reading this little book you may not know what to think of Turner, the man, — but do not blame the story for that, because the more closely its subject's character is studied, the more perplexing and contradictory has it ever seemed, even to those whose opportunities were the best for analyzing and comprehending it. If there is much to blame, there is also much to pity; and if sometimes even scorn is excited against the sensualist and miser, still, in the main, we must bear the highest honors due to modern art to his studio, and crown that stubborn, homely, wrong-bent, yet inwardly illuminated head with wreaths of imperishable laurel.

M. F. SWEETSER.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Turner's Advent. — His Parents. — Brentford and Margate. — Petty Earnings. — Studies. — Honest Tom Girtin. — Provincial Tours 7

CHAPTER II.

Yorkshire and Freedom. — Fawkes and Farnley. — The Great Disappointment. — Topographical Works. — The *Liber Studiorum* 26

CHAPTER III.

The Professorship. — Turner's House. — The Devonshire Journey. — The Home at Twickenham. — Friends. — Engravings. — The Carthage Pictures 44

CHAPTER IV.

Art-Periods. — Ruskin. — Scotland. — Italy. — 'Baiæ.' — 'Cologne.' — 'Polyphemus.' — Life at Rome. — Rogers's Poems. — Versatility 63

CHAPTER V.

The New Manner. — Turner's Gift — Fair Scotland. — "Old Pogey." — Rivers of France. — Italian Themes. — German Criticisms 78

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VI.

Fading Pictures. — Middle-Class Patrons. — The Beaumont Party. — 'The Old *Témraire*.' — 'The Slave Ship.' — Portraits of Turner. — "Modern Painters." — Last Works 92

CHAPTER VII.

Turner's Character. — Seclusion. — Petworth. — Chantrey and Jones. — Varnishing Days 112

CHAPTER VIII.

Turner's Verses. — Evening Diversions. — Hiding at Chelsea. — The Lonely Death. — The Broken Will. — The Bequests . 144

List of Paintings 159

Index 163

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TURNER.

CHAPTER I.

Turner's Advent. — His Parents. — Brentford and Margate. — Petty Earnings. — Studies. — Honest Tom Girtin. — Provincial Tours.

THE narrow defile of Maiden Lane, in the parish of Covent Garden, is a dark and squalid alley, and yet a memorable bit of historic London, for here Voltaire, Marvell, Thornton, and Archbishop Sancroft have lived and labored. And here, too, Joseph Mallord William Turner, the greatest of British landscape-painters, passed the years of his childhood. The house was on the corner of Hand Lane, a narrow and dingy edifice, with small, dark, and low square rooms and steep and winding stairs. The family usually lived in the underground kitchen, above which was the elder Turner's barber-shop, on the ground-floor, with two stories above devoted to chambers.

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Turner himself said that he was born in Devonshire, April 23d, 1769, and brought to London when a little child. Miller, in his memoir of Turner (published in 1873), accepts these statements as true, saying, with great justice, that the certificate of his baptism in the Covent-Garden church, in 1775, has no reference to the date or place of his birth. But the master was confused and inaccurate in memory, and also often intentionally misstated facts, for the sake of mystifying people. On the other hand, it may be said that Turner's early works, in 1787, were much too well done to have been executed by one born in 1775, and that several years must be added to his age (as commonly stated), in order to account for such productions. But Thornbury insists that the artist was deceiving when he gave his age and birthplace as above, and maintains that he was really born on St. George's Day (April 23d), 1775, in Maiden Lane, London. This seems to have been the opinion also of the society of artists who endeavored to place a marble tablet on the building, to commemorate his birthplace.

The first positive date ascertainable in Tur-

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ner's life was 1775, when he was christened in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. This was the year when the Americans fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill, and Dr. Johnson stigmatized them as "a race of convicts;" when Burke, Sheridan, Gibbon, and Percy were active, and Thomson and Cowper were writing placid poetry, and Burns was growing to manhood. Reynolds and West were the highest lights in the firmament of art, but Wilson and Gainsborough were pressing them closely, and behind these leaders came Sandby and Hearne, and the lads Girtin and Lawrence. It was an apathetic age, with a dull King, a torpid Church, and a frivolous nobility. The field was unpromising, but it was free from competition in the line of effort for which the new-comer was destined.

Turner's father, William, was a native of Devonshire, the home-county of Reynolds, Northcote, Gandy, Prout, Wren, and so many other English artists. He came to London while young, and opened a hair-dressing shop in the Covent-Garden district, where he had a fair business in theatrical wig-making and shav-

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ing. He was a garrulous person, with a nasal twang, a cheery laugh, a fresh and smiling face, blue eyes, a parrot nose, and a projecting chin. His wife was a Miss Mallord, or Marshall, of Islington, of better family than her husband's, a blue-eyed, hawk-nosed, and fierce-visaged woman, who led the poor barber a sad life by her violent temper. In later years she became insane, and was sent to an asylum. Turner never spoke of his mother, and resented any mention of her. Perhaps this conduct was due to the contumely with which the barber's son was treated in his youth, when he went to visit his mother's aristocratic relatives at Shelford Manor, in Nottinghamshire. But when he had become the foremost painter in England, the Marshalls endeavored to take him up, and were treated with withering contempt. One of them, Dr. Shaw, called at his studio, and asked if he had visited Shelford, and if his mother was born a Marshall, upon which the enraged artist burst out upon him with: "I consider, sir, that you have taken a most unwarrantable liberty with me by the manner in which you have ob-

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truded yourself upon me." Shaw apologized handsomely, and then added: "I beg leave, sir, to state to you that I am independent, sir, both in spirit and pocket, and be assured that my whole and sole object in calling upon you was to connect myself with the distinguished name of Turner." The master then relented, and said: "I hope, sir, whenever you come to town, that you will give me the favor of a visit. I shall always be glad to see you." Shaw often went to the gallery, and took his friends there, but never met Turner again.

Both of his parents were undersized, as Turner himself was. He made portraits of them, but in a feeble and soon-rejected manner.

When the child was about five years old he accompanied his father to see him dress the hair of Mr. Tomkinson, a rich silversmith who speculated in drawings. While Turner *père* was frizzing his patron's hair, Turner *fils* wonderingly stared at a rampant lion engraved on a silver salver near him; and when he returned home he drew a fair copy of the heraldic beast. Hĕnceforward the father destined his

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son to be an artist; and young Joseph's rude water-color copies of Sandby's pictures were hung around the barber-shop for sale, and ticketed with their prices, one or two shillings each.

Often the child would wander away into the fields and by the Thames, above London, and make simple sketches of rural scenery and quiet villages. In his ninth year he drew a picture of Margate Church; and other rude pencilings attest his early familiarity with the shores of the royal Thames, and the vessels that floated on its bosom. Thornbury's high Anglican review of Ruskin's chapter contrasting Turner's London with Giorgione's Venice is too good to pass without quoting: "The golden city paved with emerald (dreadful bilge-water smell, by the way, always in Venice), where the deep-hearted majestic men moved in sway of power and war (terrible Tartars with *pozzi* and thumbscrews), he compares with dirty, foggy, low-spirited, peddling, cramped-up, dear old London. And yet I really think (in all humility) that Turner had not so much, after all, to lament. If he had not men with sea-rust on their armor, he had at least freedom;

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he had none of those horrid burning prisons under the leads. If he had not the ships of Lepanto, he had Nelson's men-of-war. If he had not Venetian discoverers, he had Cook and Anson; and I verily believe he was not so badly off with poor Old England and her great glory as his birthright, after all."

When he was ten years old Joseph was sent to school at Brentford Butts, and boarded with his uncle, a butcher of Brentford, where he remained for about two years. Here he recovered his health, which had been wasted in the gloomy fogs of London, and derived constant joy from wandering in the fair meadows and among the pleasant rural groves. He made countless bad sketches of birds, trees, and flowers, and adorned the Brentford walls with chalk-scrawlings of cocks and hens. Some smattering also of the classics he here obtained, bits of Latin legends and ancient history; howbeit his comrades, delighting in his pencilings, too often helped him through his unlearned lessons.

Then the lad was taken back to Maiden Lane, and placed under Palice, who drew

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flowers; and after a year or two spent in this amusement he was sent to Margate, a beautiful marine village of Kent, where he entered Coleman's school, and, far greater boon, began to study Nature in her fairest aspects of sea and sunshine, white cliffs and chiming waves.

Joseph returned to London, after his schooling was done, and he and young Girtin, his neighbor, began to earn small sums of money by coloring engravings for John Raphael Smith, a print-seller of Maiden Lane. Turner also busied himself in painting the skies in amateurs' drawings and architects' plans, and so successfully that Porden, the builder of the Brighton Pavilion, vainly endeavored to secure him as an apprentice, without a premium. He used to work for half a crown an evening, and afterwards said: "Well! And what could be better practice?" — alluding to the facility and the skill in gradations which he thus acquired.

Turner once pointed out a mezzotint of one of Van de Velde's splendid marines, saying: "Ah! that made me a painter." It is safe to say, at least, that it helped to make him a marine-painter, revealing to him a brighter and

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breezier world than the dim and sooty precincts of Maiden Lane. There is a tradition that his first instruction in art was given by the itinerant colorist who painted his father's wig-blocks, and who taught him to place a small piece of carmine in the centre of the cheek, and to lose it by degrees.

The artists whose works had the most effect on young Turner were Paul Sandby, the popular illuminator of Scotland and Wales, and Hogarth's enemy; Thomas Hearne, who executed the fascinating drawings for that monumental work, "The Antiquities of Great Britain," and was one of the patriarchs of English water-color painting; and John Cozens, the son of a Russian artist, who painted many broad and sublime Swiss and Italian landscapes. The pictures of Gainsborough, Wilson, and Morland also had a formative effect on the young student; and he knew the amber lights of Marlow, the well-rigged ships of Brooking, the aerial perspectives of Barrett, and the tender distances of Pether.

In due time Joseph was sent to Tom Malton, to study perspective and to prepare him-

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self for the profession of an architect. But here he failed miserably in geometry, and after repeated repulses from the science of angles and lines he was sent home, with the recommendation that his father should make a tinker or a cobbler of him. Nevertheless, he was soon placed in the office of Hardwick, the architect, where he drew many dry but firm and careful plans of churches and old houses, experimenting in water-colors, and trying to find bits of Nature in brick-and-black London. But he soon wearied of copying arches and windows, and longed for open air and green fields; and Hardwick generously advised the Maiden-Lane barber to make his son an artist instead of an architect. The lad had already copied certain of Morland's pictures in oil, and with some success.

So Joseph was sent to the Royal Academy, where he studied hard, drawing from Greek statues correctly, but timidly, without vigor or confidence, and with but little promise for the future. Ruskin attributes the meaningless classical compositions of his future life to the repression and constraint forced on him here,

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where he was instructed in details of formal Greek and Palladian architecture and traditions, to the exclusion of the more natural and consistent Gothic life of the North. He was chained to the representation of academic models and exotic villas, instead of being led into the inspiring presence of English rural and marine scenery; and was taught to prefer fountains and terraces to wild cascades and heathery highlands.

A pleasant and profitable occupation soon claimed Turner's evenings, when Dr. Munro, of Adelphi Terrace, offered him half a crown and a supper for each evening's drawing. Munro was one of George III.'s mad doctors, living in an elegant and richly furnished house, on the site of one of the ancient Strand palaces; and owned many valuable pictures, among which were Salvators, Rembrandts, Snyders, Canalettis, and others of Gainsborough's, Hearne's, Cozens's, and other English masters. There were also many plethoric portfolios, containing drawings of British castles and cathedrals and Swiss and Italian scenery; with sketches by Claude and Titian and the Dutch masters;

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and amid such surroundings as these Turner found matter for the deepest thought and the noblest joy. He was detailed to draw copies of some of these pictures, and, more frequently, to make original drawings of ruins, churches, country-houses, bridges, and other picturesque objects in and about London. Mr. Henderson, a wealthy amateur who lived on the Terrace near Munro's, frequently engaged the youth's services, at the same rate of compensation. But the sagacious old barber, endued with prophetic foresight, used to grumble: "*Him* making drawings for Dr. Munro for half a crown!"

In these tasks Turner was associated with "Honest Tom Girtin," a Maiden-Lane youth of his own age, who afterwards married a rich lady, and was patronized by several earls, but died before his thirtieth year. If he had lived, he would have been Turner's strongest rival, since he had a wonderful power and depth in his execution, and a frank and dashing manner, though he lacked the profound poetic spirit of his early comrade. Turner loved this generous and social man, and made many a

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sketching tour in his company, while they were both engaged on topographical work. He was magnanimous enough to say: "Had Tom Girtin lived, I should have starved;" and used to love, in later years, to pore over his friend's drawings, rich in amber light, and acknowledge his inability to do such work. He painted Girtin's portrait in oil, and deeply mourned for "poor Tom" when the news of his death at Rome reached England. Many a day had the two youths wandered along the Thames together, or floated upon its narrow tide, sketching and painting, and dreaming of the future. "We were friends to the last," he used to say, sadly: "though *they* did what they could to separate us."

While Sir Joshua Reynolds was approaching the end of his triumphant and happy life, Turner was a frequenter of his studio, where he copied several pictures, and acquired a few secrets of the art, under the approving inspection of the bland old knight. He worked in the inner room, where the rejected portraits and antique pictures were kept, in company with Northcote and other assistants.

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The youth also eked out his slender income by teaching water-color drawing in schools, at from a crown to a guinea a lesson. He worked for print-sellers of a high grade, and partly illustrated the Oxford Almanac. He also made hundreds of sketches about Westminster and Lambeth, that quaint and picturesque quarter which has since been transformed from crowded and uncomfortable river-side purlieus to a region of splendor and light.

In his sixteenth year the lad made a portrait of himself, bright-eyed and curly-haired, but defective in drawing. This precious relic, disfigured by a blow of its dissatisfied author's fist, is now owned by Ruskin. There are several other early portraits of the lad by his own hand, timidly drawn, but full of historic interest.

The rugged boy was never so happy as when he was out on long sketching tours, with all his baggage in a handkerchief tied to the end of a stick, and walking at a swinging pace over the rural roads. He usually made from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, enriching his sketch-book with many quick pencilings

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and notes of provincial architecture, scenery, and cloud-effects; and at night rested in the humble village inns. His first tour was in 1793, through the delightful county of Kent, when he visited Canterbury, Rochester, and Margate, and made several sketches for a forthcoming topographical book. About this time he painted his first picture in oils, a sunset at Battersea, on the Thames, which had been sketched in crayons the evening before, while the artist was so engrossed with his work that the boat got aground in the mud, and was set afloat only by severe exertions. Another account says that his first oil-painting was a view of Rochester Castle, with fishermen landing their nets, finished thinly and scumbled with semi-opaque and fluid color. His first contribution to the Royal-Academy Exhibitions was a water-color of Lambeth Palace, in 1790, and this was followed by sixty more pictures of landscapes, castles, and cathedrals, during the next ten years. In 1794 and 1795 he made elaborate drawings of Rochester, Chepstow, Birmingham, Worcester, Guildford, Cambridge, and other towns for various magazines; and during

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the next year he illustrated Chester, Bristol, Peterborough, Leith, and Windsor, in the same manner. Before the year 1800 he had visited twenty-six counties of England and Wales; and between 1790 and 1796 he exhibited twenty-three highly finished drawings of cathedrals and abbey churches.

The venerable old city of Bristol was a favorite resort of Turner, and he frequently visited his father's friend, Mr. Harraway, the fishmonger, to whom he gave many of his large and immature drawings. In these early days he also made sketches of Oxford, and of breezy Clifton, where our Allston dwelt not many years later. Most of these were done about the year 1790, when the embryo artist was a short and sturdy youth, vigorous and hardy, and fearing no hardships. It was during the same year that he sent the 'Lambeth Palace' to the Academy; and made the pictures of Eltham Palace and a villa near Uxbridge, for the next year's Exhibition. The next season he went to Malmesbury, and executed a painting of the venerable abbey there. During these excursions to the provinces Turner's expenses

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were paid by the publishers, and he was as economical with their money as with his own.

Turner's first distant excursion was to the beautiful counties of North Wales, where he rambled about in the full flush of youthful vigor and hope, and drew the Devil's Bridge and Tintern Abbey. During the next few years he made several more excursions to the principality, and illustrated some of its fairest scenes. 'The Rising Squall, Hot Wells,' was one of the first of his pictures that attracted attention.

By the year 1796 the young artist had grown weary of painting in his dark and contracted bed-room, and hired a house in Hand Court, near by. In the same year he illustrated several magazine-articles, and exhibited paintings of Bath and Waltham Abbeys, Ely and Llandaff Cathedrals, and several rich views from Wales and the Isle of Wight.

In 1795 and 1796 Turner devoted most of his time to teaching drawing, at London and elsewhere, at ten shillings a lesson. In this work he was noted chiefly for amusing eccentricity, and for a certain noble impatience with amateurs and stupid pupils, since he held that

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hints should be sufficient for earnest learners, and he was too reserved to care for long explanations. At last he seems to have lost his patronage in this line, being too blunt and rude-spoken to suit his fashionable pupils. The technical details of his manner of painting in water-colors are minutely set forth by Ruskin, and his modes of taking out high lights with bread, drawing with a wooden point, and working out details over the broad tints of the chief masses. Color crept into Turner's monochrome drawings but slowly and timidly, a bit in each sheet of blue and gray, yet growing broader from year to year, until some of his later pictures appear livid splashes of intense flame, furnace and sunset and chaos. But in his earlier works it was barely admitted in minute fragments, a bright costume in a world of gray, a sparkling mountain-brook, or a rosy edge on a dun cloud.

Turner was greater in water-colors than in oils, and his influence on the growing school of painters in water-colors was powerful and beneficial. Redgrave says that "the art all but began with him;" and that his water-color paintings "epitomize the whole mystery of land-

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scape art." At first he followed the manners of Cozens and Girtin, but little by little he pushed on into untrodden fields, and boldly amplified the range of this department of art. His water-color picture of Tivoli brought the amazing price of 1,800 guineas, and other examples of his rare manipulative skill were almost as valuable. Turner's subsequent work in oils was strongly influenced by his early practice in water-colors, and resulted in the general introduction of a lighter and brighter scale of painting.

His early sea-pieces were in the manner of Van de Velde, who for twenty years kept him "from seeing that the sea was wet, as Poussin kept him for twenty years from seeing that the Alps were rosy, and that grass was green." But in time (as Ruskin goes on to say), "from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Van de Velde nor Poussin could have told him; until at last, continually finding these sayings of the hills and waves on the whole the soundest kind of sayings, he came to listen to no others."

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CHAPTER II.

Yorkshire and Freedom. — Fawkes and Farnley. — The Great Disappointment. — Topographical Works. — The *Liber Studiorum*.

"At last Fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin, and one summer's evening he finds hinself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time the silence of Nature around him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last, freedom at last, and loveliness at last: it is here, then, among the deserted vales — not among men; those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces — that multitudinous marred humanity — are not the only things which God has made."

Yorkshire and Kent were Turner's favorite counties, and the first was especially dear to him, since he had found there his best patrons and his first successes, as well as some of his earliest and freshest introductions to a beautiful Nature. His first journey thither was in

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1797, and in the ensuing year he exhibited pictures of Fountains and Kirkstall Abbeys, as well as the noble 'Morning amongst the Coniston Fells,' and other border-scenes, Buttermere Lake, Holy-Island Cathedral, and Dunstanborough Castle. The peaceful dells by the chanting waves of the Wharfe and the Greta were for him the sweetest spots in the wide world, and he could never revisit them without tears, nor even speak their names save in a tremulous voice. The peculiar natural architecture of the Yorkshire rocks and slopes formed a type in his mind to which he made even Alps and Appenines conform, rejecting their own proud sublimity wherever it appeared to differ from the round-topped hills and mid-slope cliffs of the beloved county. For this mannerism, enforced by affectionate memories, Ruskin reproves him, and says that "Turner literally humbled the grand Swiss mountains to make them resemble the Yorkshire scaurs." No grandeur of alien scenery could ever lead his heart away from the familiar charms of early associations, although his imagination longed for wider horizons and measureless

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vistas of Alps and valleys. Thus there was a continual conflict between the past and the future, enforcing frequent compromises, more flattering to the artist's sensibility than favorable to his work.

The Yorkshire pictures are quiet, simple, and solemn, full of harmony, colorless light, and high finish. They show the broad swells of the downs, from which the artist afterwards drew his predominant massiveness in mountain-drawing; and "the most affectionate, simple, unwearied, serious finishing of truth." It was from the ruined abbeys of Yorkshire that he gathered many of the illustrations for the *Liber Studiorum*.

Mr. Hawkesworth Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, was one of Turner's dearest friends in Yorkshire, and his house was adorned with £10,000 worth of the master's pictures. Some parts of the Hall were designed by the artist himself. Mr. Fawkes's son speaks of "the fun, frolic, and shooting we enjoyed together, and which, whatever may be said by others of his temper and disposition, have proved to me that he was, in his hours of distraction from his professional

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labors, as kindly-hearted a man and as capable of enjoyment and fun of all kinds as any I ever knew." Farnley was a stately old Carolan hall, near Lord Harewood's estates, above the beautiful Wharfe River, and looking out on the long lines of the Yorkshire hills. During his frequent visits to this mansion the master was "as merry and playful as a child," and took great delight in fishing and in grouse-shooting on the moors. Once his capricious fancy urged him to drive a hunting-party homeward over the fields, and when the vehicle was upset in a ditch, he acquired the nickname of "Over-Turner," by which he was long known. Fawkes made a much-resembling caricature of his quaint guest, with his hooked nose, small hands and feet, ill-cut brown coat, striped waistcoat, and enormous frilled shirt. The Farnley portfolios contain many of Turner's sketches of the Hall and its vicinity, Swiss scenes, English coast-views, illustrations of the Civil War, and beautiful drawings of birds. Here, also, is the series of fifty-three gorgeous drawings of the Rhineland, which were done at the rate of three a day, yet are marvelous specimens of skill and

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genius. On his return Turner landed at Hull and went straight to Farnley, where he took out this great roll of sketches from his overcoat pocket, and offered them to Fawkes for £500. The generous squire closed with the proposal, and became possessed of one of the master's noblest works, full of tender poetry, pure harmony, and satisfying completeness. For twenty-four years, until the artist's death, a goose-pie was sent annually from Farnley to Turner's home.

When Mr. Fawkes visited London, he used to spend many hours in Turner's gallery, but was never shown the painting-room. Once he invited the artist to a dinner at a hotel, where he took too much wine, and reeled about jovially, exclaiming: "Hawkey, I am the real lion — I am the great lion of the day, Hawkey." He never visited Farnley after Fawkes died, so great was his grief and so sensitive his spirit; and when the younger Fawkes once brought the Rhine drawings up to London for him to see again, he passed his hand over the gray and mournful 'Lorelei Twilight,' saying, with great tears in his eyes: "But Hawkey! But Hawkey!"

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Another of the warmest friends of Turner's earlier years was Mr. Wells, the artist, of Addiscombe, at whose house the young man spent three or four evenings a week, sketching by the argand lamp, with the family gathered around the table. When Wells died, the weeping artist said to his daughter: "O Clara, Clara! these are iron tears. I have lost the best friend I ever had in my life." The children of the family used to enjoy rare frolics with the grim Academician, who would lie down on the floor and let them play all manner of pranks with him; and their eldest sister says: "Of all the light-hearted, merry creatures I ever knew, Turner was the most so." He was always fond of children and they readily came to him.

About the year 1797 an event occurred which warped Turner's life, and changed the bright and hopeful youth into a crabbed and miserly recluse. While at the Margate school he had fallen in love, in a childish fashion, with the sister of one of his schoolmates; and a few years after she accepted him as her prospective husband. Somewhat later he departed on a

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long tour, leaving with her his own portrait, and promising to marry her on his return. He was absent for two years, but the lady heard never a word from him; and at last, wearied by the hectoring of a cruel step-mother, she consented to marry another suitor, believing that her first love had forgotten her. Within a week of the wedding-day, Turner appeared at Margate, and plead passionately that she would return to him, and be his bride. But she considered that he had trifled with and neglected her too long, and mournfully went on in the arranged course, refusing to hear his protestations and explanations. After the marriage — which proved to be a most unhappy one — was consummated, it was found out that the step-mother had intercepted and destroyed all Turner's letters, and those of her daughter. The artist hardly recovered from this wicked injury, but relapsed into a life of self-concentration and narrow money-getting, abandoning all hope of domestic joys, and allowing the inherited thriftiness of his ancestors to degenerate into niggardliness. Perhaps the cares and pleasures of a family-life would have

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gone far towards redeeming him from his subsequent narrowness.

In the year 1797 Turner went as far north as the Merse of Tweed, and drew Norham Castle for the next year's Exhibition. Twenty years later, when he was passing Norham with Cadell, the Edinburgh publisher, he took off his hat and made a low bow to the castle. "What the Devil are you about now?" cried the amazed Cadell. To whom he made answer: "Oh, I made a drawing or painting of Norham several years ago. It took; and from that day to this have had as much to do as my hands could execute." This picture also appeared in the *Liber Studiorum*, and in the illustrations to "Marmion." In this tour the young artist visited the Cumberland lake-country, of which he brought back several beautiful reminiscences. During the same year Turner sketched in Lincolnshire and Herefordshire for the "Itinerant." The fruits of these excursions appeared in the next Exhibition, illustrated with verses from Thomson's "Seasons."

In 1798 Turner probably visited Wales once

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more, and made the sketches for his diploma picture, 'Dolbadern Castle.' He also executed drawings of Sheffield and Wakefield for the "Itinerant;" and made pictures for the next Exhibition, of Harlech Castle, Warkworth Castle, Caernarvon, Kilgerran Castle, Salisbury Cathedral, the Battle of the Nile, and three figure-groups, his first works in the way of subject-pictures. In 1799 he went to Wiltshire, and drew Fonthill and other places, and also furnished seven engravings of ruins and scenery for Whitaker's "Parish of Whalley." Two views of Dunster Castle attest his presence in Somersetshire also. During the next twelve years he contributed numerous drawings for the illustrations in the "Oxford Almanac" and the "Britannia Depicta." Occasionally he ventured on single plates, engraved from his drawings, and his success in these departments enhanced the value of his paintings.

In the year 1800 Turner became an Associate of the Royal Academy; and he marked his sense of bettering fortunes by moving to a more commodious house, at 64 Harley Street.

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During the same year he exhibited pictures of Caernarvon Castle and 'The Fifth Plague of Egypt' (the first of his thirteen religious pictures), and five views of the new palace which was being built at Fonthill for the eccentric recluse and millionaire, William Beckford. He spent much time at Fonthill, in Wiltshire, enjoying Beckford's hospitality, and making broad and mellow drawings, in Girtin's manner.

By this time wigs had gone out of vogue, and the elder Turner abandoned his business, and went to dwell with his son. The brisk and loquacious old barber lived on the best terms with his boy, and occupied his time by showing the picture-gallery to visitors, and by looking after the frugal meals of the household.

The only portrait for which Turner ever sat was painted by George Dance, in 1800, and shows a handsome young man, with a full but receding forehead, arched eyebrows, a prominent nose, a massive chin, and a sensual mouth. His thick and wiry hair is tied behind, and he wears a coat with an immense cape.

In 1801 Turner exhibited views of St. Dó-

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nat's Castle and Pembroke Castle, in Wales, the Salisbury Chapter-house, an autumn morning in London, the destruction of the army of the Medes, and Dutch fishing-boats in a gale. The latter was painted in rivalry of Van de Velde, as certain later pictures were competitions with Cuyp, Claude, and Poussin. In the previous year he had begun his hot contest with Claude, in his own classic ground, by painting Æneas and the Sibyl at Lake Avernus. He executed thirty-six other mythological pictures, depending for his themes on translations of the Greek and Latin poets, and Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. Another highly imaginative work of this time delineates the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece.

The master was elected Royal Academician in 1802, and signalized this promotion by exhibiting his first notable oil-paintings, 'Kilchern Castle and the Cruchan-Ben Mountains,' 'Ships bearing up for Anchorage,' and 'Fishermen on a Stormy Lee-Shore.' Other noble works then exhibited were Edinburgh from Leith Water, Ben Lomond, the Falls of the Clyde, Jason, and 'The Tenth Plague of Egypt.'

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Previous to this date, he had signed his pictures "W. Turner," but thenceforth he used all his initials.

The Academy had been quick to recognize Turner's genius, and he was always very faithful to its interests, conservative in his advice, and zealous for its independence. As an auditor, a councilor, or a visitor, he discharged his duties with scrupulous care, attending all the general meetings and formal dinners, and sending pictures to the Exhibitions for forty-five years. He was a peace-maker in the debates, and frequently allayed rising storms among the Academicians by gentle words. In business details he seemed irresolute, and was but little relied on; though in the matter of the resignation of the treasurer, Sir Robert Smirke, he acted promptly, with the result of retaining that valuable official for many years after. When Maclise told him that Haydon, the bitter enemy of the Academy, was dead, he exclaimed: "He stabbed his mother; he stabbed his mother." "Good Heavens!" cried the excited Maclise; "you don't mean to say that Haydon ever committed a crime so hor-

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rible?" In a deep and solemn voice, Turner growled out again: "He stabbed his mother; he stabbed his mother." Afterwards Maclise learned that this charge alluded to Haydon's attacks on the Academy that had educated him. Yet Haydon had been compelled to acknowledge that throughout his war with the Academy "Turner behaved well, and did me justice."

In 1802 Turner made his first tour on the Continent, traveling a part of the way with Bright, the artist, some of whose pictures he bought. Mont Blanc and Grenoble were his favorite resting places, and he made special studies of glaciers and fallen trees, Swiss lakes and mountains of Savoy. Some time was spent in and around Aosta, in one of the remote North-Italian valleys; and several sketches also attest his careful studies about Calais.

One of Thornbury's most interesting chapters is that wherein he describes the early sketch-books of Turner, in which all manner of drawings and outlines of nature and architecture alternate with scraps from guide-books, notes of local gossip, chemical memoranda,

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diagrams of boats, travelers' prescriptions, and comments on continental architecture. Here and there appears a stanza of incoherent rhyme, or a vague and incomprehensible rhetorical outburst, with notes of expenses and jottings of tavern-bills. The sketches include the British coasts and cities, ruins and castles, manufacturing works and detached figures. A whole book is given to views about Coutances; another illuminates the great Simplon Pass, and its approaches; another is devoted to Antibes, Nice, and Genoa; another shows countless pencil-jottings from the Vatican galleries; Rouen and Paris afford the themes for still another; and several are consecrated to Scotland.

The Exhibition of 1803 contained the rich and joyful idyl of 'The Vintage at Macon,' a direct challenge to Claude; a daring and uninteresting 'Holy Family;' the celebrated 'Calais Pier,' with the English packet arriving and French fishermen putting off, in a ruffling black gale; 'The Source of the Arveiron;' and three scenes in Savoy. The next year he exhibited 'Narcissus and Echo,' a Dutch naval scene, and a charming view of Edinburgh, from the

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Calton Hill. In 1805 he painted 'The Destruction of Sodom,' an uncongenial theme; the quiet and reposeful 'Fishing Boats;' and the wonderfully successful 'Shipwreck.' The next year witnessed his work on 'The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides,' which Tom Taylor calls "the best classical picture of the English school;" and he exhibited the 'Pembroke Castle' and 'The Falls of Schaffhausen,' the latter of which he always greatly admired.

When the fleet which won the battle of Trafalgar returned to England, in 1805, Turner went down to Portsmouth to see the gallant ships come in. Here he first saw the grand old *Téméraire*, whose last helpless voyage was to be so nobly portrayed by his pencil, nearly forty years later.

Claude Lorraine had prepared the *Liber Veritatis*, and his great modern rival competed with him therein with the *Liber Studiorum*, which far surpassed the Italian *Liber*, as well it might, since the latter was intended only for a memorandum of finished paintings. Turner began his work in 1806, when out of

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employment, and at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Wells, intending to publish a hundred plates. It was issued in dark-blue covers, each containing five plates. Not proving remunerative, it was brought to an end in 1816, after seventy plates had been made. In later days £3,000 has been paid for a single copy of the *Liber*. The master had endless difficulties with his engravers, of whom he exacted more than mortal men could bear, involving himself and them in serious troubles. The proofs were altered, amended, reversed in effect, and otherwise continually worked over, retouched, and almost dishonestly revamped.

The *Liber Studiorum* was intended to manifest Turner's command of the whole compass of landscape art, and was divided into six heads: Historical, Pastoral, Elegant Pastoral, Mountain, Marine, and Architectural. The first group contained pictures of Æsacus and Hesperia, Jason, Procris and Cephalus, a view from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," the Fifth and Tenth Plagues of Egypt, Christ and the Woman of Samaria, and Rizpah. The Elegant Pastoral is represented by views of Raglan Castle, Chepstow,

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the River Wye, the Falls of Clyde, Isis, and others of similar character. The Pastoral includes several rustic groups and farm-scenes, with Norham Castle, Solway Moss, and two themes from Winchelsea. The Marine phase is set forth by bits from Calais, Inverary, and the Yorkshire Coast; and the Mountains are nobly outlined by the Mer de Glace, the Lake of Thun, the St. Gothard Pass, Savoy scenes, the Alps from Grenoble, and the Scottish Highlands. The Architectural studies show Dumblane, Rivaulx, and Holy Island Abbeys, Dunstanborough Castle, Morpeth, London from Greenwich, and the Swiss towns of Thun, Basle, and Lauffenbourg. Most of the *Liber* studies are from British themes, obscure and simple, and the foreign pictures are the least successful part of the work.

The subscription price of the *Liber Studiorum* was £17 10*s*., and even before Turner died a copy of it was worth over 30 guineas. So hopeless and worthless did the enterprise seem, at one time, that Charles Turner, the engraver, used the proofs and trials of effect as kindling paper. Many years later, Colnaghi,

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the great print-dealer, caused him to hunt up the remaining proofs in his possession, and gave him £1,500 for them. "Good God!" cried the old engraver; "I have been burning bank-notes all my life."

Many of the plates were etched, and some of them were engraved in mezzotint by their great designer. The foremost of the other engravers were Charles Turner and Thomas Lupton, whose work was executed with rare skill, howbeit with so much delicacy that the plates deteriorated badly after a score of impressions had been made.

In 1871 the Burlington Fine Arts Club held an exhibition, in London, of choice and unique impressions of the *Liber*, illustrated by an historical catalogue; and the next year a new autotype edition of the work, in three volumes, was published. Mr. Wedmore's recent "Studies in English Art" contains an interesting chapter on the *Liber Studiorum* and its engravers. In 1878 Professor Norton, of Harvard University, published a set of thirty-three of the best of the *Liber* studies, reproduced in Boston by the heliotype process.

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CHAPTER III.

The Professorship. — Turner's House. — The Devonshire Journey. — The Home at Twickenham. — Friends. — Engravings. — The Carthage Pictures.

In 1808 Turner was appointed Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy. He was master of his subject, but frequently became sadly confused while delivering lectures, on account of his slowness in words. It was probably like his part in the debates of the Academy, of which Roberts says: "Such was the peculiar habit of his thoughts, or of his expressing them (the same *aerial perspective* that pervades most of his works pervaded his speeches) that when he had concluded and sat down it would often have puzzled his best friend to decide which side he had taken." He spoke in a deep and mumbling voice, becoming frequently hopelessly entangled, and was confused and tedious in his manner, though some people

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fancied that his blind mazes of obscure words overlaid noble ideas, even as his hazy atmospheres in painting half concealed beautiful objects. Chantrey said that Wilkie and Turner had great thoughts, if they could express them; and the audience was usually quiet and attentive while the poor professor was at his stammering and mumbling.

His favorite handbook was "Hamilton's Perspective," whose problems he spent many days in studying, although that about the domes he never could solve. During two or three only of the thirty years which he held the professorship, did he deliver lectures, and oftentimes the students were sent away in disappointment because he failed to come. Sometimes he wrote out parts of the addresses, but even then he was unable to decipher his notes. Once he mounted the rostrum to deliver a lecture, and, after fumbling vainly in all his pockets, exclaimed in consternation: "Gentlemen, I 've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach."

Ruskin says: "The zealous care with which Turner endeavored to do his duty is proved by a large existing series of drawings, ex-

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quisitely tinted, and often completely colored, all by his own hand, of the most difficult perspective subjects, — illustrating not only directions of line, but effects of light, — with a care and completion which would put the work of any ordinary teacher to utter shame. In teaching generally — he would neither waste time nor spare it — he would look over a student's drawing at the Academy, point to a defective part, make a scratch on the paper at the side, say nothing. If the student saw what was wanted, and did it, Turner was delighted; but if the student could not follow, Turner left him."

In the year 1808 Turner moved to the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, though still retaining the house in Harley Street. The garden of the new place ran down to the Thames, and had a summer-house at the end in which the artist painted some of his best works, proclaiming that lights and room were unnecessary to the execution of a good picture. During the same year he made a visit to Tabley Park, in Cheshire, whose proprietor, afterwards Lord de Tabley, was one of his earliest friends

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and patrons; and made two paintings of the mansion, which were exhibited the next year, together with a view of Spithead. About this time, also, he executed several *genre* pictures, in rivalry with Wilkie, including 'The Blacksmith Shop,' 'The Dentist reproving his Son's Prodigality,' and 'The Garreteer's Petition.' He also made two great pictures of the battle of Trafalgar, which naval men condemned strongly, Sir Thomas Hardy saying that one of them was "more like a street-scene than a battle, and the ships more like houses than men-of-war," while an old Greenwich pensioner growled: "I can't make English of it, sir; I can't make English of it. It wants altering altogether." "What a Trafalgar!" cried another: "It looks a d—d deal more like a brick-field."

It is supposed that Turner's removal to Hammersmith Mall was brought about by his desire to be near the venerable Academician, De Loutherbourg, the Alsatian, whose daring storm and fire scenes he wished to study and comprehend. This artist was the maker of the great panorama called the Eidophusikon, which Gainsborough and Reynolds admired so greatly;

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but he had now entered his dotage, and was half-insane. Nevertheless, his wife suspected that Turner was endeavoring to secure his art-secrets, and finally refused the younger artist entrance to the house.

The views of Lowther Castle and Petworth were exhibited in 1810, the same year in which the grand gray 'Wreck of the Minotaur' was painted, under the influence of Van de Velde; and the placid evening view of Abingdon, in Berkshire. The next year saw the completion of 'Apollo killing the Python,' 'Chryses,' and 'Mercury and Hersé;' with views of Scarborough, Whalley Abbey, Windsor Park, and Somer Hill.

In the year 1812 Turner first occupied the house wherein he lived for nearly forty years, until his death. It was No. 47 Queen Anne Street, in that dull and decorous district extending north and west from Cavendish Square; and was notable as the dullest and dingiest house in that quarter. Unpainted, weather-stained, sooty, with unwashed windows and shaky doors, it seemed a haunted house, the very abode of poverty and negligence. Until

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1830 its guardian was the wizened little barber, William Turner, and he was succeeded by a withered and sluttish old woman, Mrs. Danby. The reception-room was a dark and cheerless apartment, scantily furnished, buried under dust and cobwebs, and peopled by tailless cats. The entrance-hall contained a few commonplace casts and a picture by Reynolds, and the dining-room was adorned with a smoky little landscape by Wilson, and another by Tassi, Claude's master. Back of this room was another large and dreary one, filled with unfinished pictures; then another room; and farther out a back room, littered with more unfinished works, ruined by dampness, and pictures which had justly been condemned by the critics and the people. Trimmer says of the bedroom: "It is surprising how a person of his means could have lived in such a room; certainly he prized modern luxuries at a very modest rate."

The gallery was on the first floor, and latterly grew sadly dilapidated, with ragged gray drugget on the floor, and the walls hung with red cloth which had been used at Westminster

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Abbey when Victoria was crowned. The oiled paper of the skylight hung down in sooty furred strips, and the rain came in upon the pictures. Sometimes the room had a fire, but as often was filled with an icy dampness, causing great damage to some of the pictures, which were piled up along the walls, rolled away in closets, and heaped upon the floor. Thirty thousand fine proofs of engravings were also left here to rot, and to make beds for the seven Manx cats. Turner often overheard the comments of visitors here, and challenged them indignantly. One of his favorite pictures was the 'Bligh Shore,' which was used as a covering for the window where the favorite cat used to enter, and the angry feline resented its intrusion by giving it a severe clawing. "Never mind," said Turner, protecting the delinquent from punishment.

The studio, which the master called his drawing-room, and rarely allowed any one to enter, had a fair north light, from two windows, and was surrounded by water-color drawings, and various depositories of colors. In a venerable second-hand buffet he kept his fa-

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mous sherry-bottle, concerning which such absurd stories were told. The area of this remarkable old house was the general rendezvous of all the cats of the neighborhood. The ancient dame who dwelt in the dingy domicile was characterized as "something more than housekeeper, and less than wife."

Turner's chief visit to Devonshire was made in 1812, and he brought back great numbers of hasty sketches on small sheets of mill-board, — the merest short-hand of the resulting pictures. Cyrus Redding's autobiography shows the frank, vigorous, and democratic artist on several excursions, and in all his moods. Once a party of gentlemen sailed out to Bur Island, in Bibury Bay, in an undecked Dutch boat, to eat boiled lobsters, and met with terrible weather, imperiling their lives ; yet the artist sat unmoved through the storm, watching the varying phenomena and making memoranda. Soon afterwards he gave a picnic at Mount Edgcumbe (a delightful spot to him), which was well supplied with wines and dainties, and enlivened by the blunt epigrams of the donor of the feast. The people of Plymouth paid

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him great attentions, and freely held their equipages at his service; and he said that he had never seen so many natural beauties in so limited an extent of territory as he found in the vicinity of Plymouth.

He was also a welcome guest of the Earl of Morley, at Saltram, where Madame Catalini, the eminent prima donna, was then sojourning. The pictures by the old masters in this mansion failed to excite his interest; but the grand views from the hills in the park and along the Plym put his pencil into full activity. He also visited Trematon Castle, and drew parts of Plymouth Sound; and roughed it at an inn near the Wear Head of the Tamar, eating and drinking with Collier, and keeping up a flow of lively conversation until midnight, when the two stretched themselves on chairs, and went to sleep. At early morning he was at the river-side, sketching the bridge. During the Devonshire journey, at least, Turner showed none of the parsimony which is alleged against him, but was free, and even lavish, in his expenditures.

Turner and Redding visited Cothele and the Tamar River, where the former was filled with

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delight at the beauty of the scenery, and sketched many fair prospects. Charles L. Eastlake, Plymouth-born, was his companion in several sketching tours along the Tamar, beyond Calstock, and around Plymouth, where he remained for several weeks; and has left an interesting description of his customs at that time. One day when Turner was sailing by Ince Castle, he told Redding that he was born at Barnstable, in Devonshire, an assertion which has given no little trouble to his biographers.

Turner's paintings in the Exhibition of 1812 were 'St. Michael's Castle,' in Savoy, two views of Oxford, and 'Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps in a Snow-storm.' The last-named was suggested by a Yorkshire thunder-storm, which Turner witnessed from the hospitable shelter of Farnley Hall, and was accompanied by a dozen grand lines from "The Fallacies of Hope." He had drawn notes of the storm on the back of an old letter, while entranced with its sublimity, and then said to his host: "There! Hawkey: in two years you will see this again, and call it 'Hannibal crossing the Alps.'"

Our own Allston was in London when the

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'Hannibal' was first exhibited, and called it wonderfully fine, expressing his belief that Turner was "the greatest painter since the days of Claude."

In 1813 or 1814 the master bought and rebuilt a house at Twickenham, which he named Solus Lodge, to indicate his wish to be alone, and afterwards changed to Sandycomb Lodge. It is supposed that he was influenced, in choosing this place, by a wish to be sequestered from the disturbing influences of London, and to be near the Thames and his school-boy home at Brentford, and the old house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Chantrey also lived near by, and often went fishing with Turner, to whom it is supposed that he presented the sculpture of 'St. Paul at Iconium,' which still adorns the chimney-piece at the Lodge. At this house the master once gave a tea-party to Mulready and other Academicians, and feasted Pye, his engraver, on porter and cheese. In the jungle-like garden he grew the aquatic plants which he copied in so many foregrounds; and the blackbirds in the adjacent trees were so efficiently protected by him that he won the title of "Blackbirdy" from the

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often foiled bird's-nesting boys. Beyond the thicket of willows near the end of the garden was an artificial pond, covered with water-lilies, into which he put many of the fish that he caught.

The rooms in the Lodge were small, and contained several models of rigged ships, which he used in his marine views. The dinner-table was covered with a rude cloth, and furnished with two-tined forks and cheap ware, in the simple manner which he had learned at Maiden Lane, and never departed from.

He had a boat at Richmond, in which he used to go out sketching, and also fishing, in which sport he was an adept, especially in fly-fishing. Another equipage was a gig, in which he drove an old crop-eared bay horse, and made long sketching excursions to Staines, Runnymede, and other places, frequently taking companions. This venerable steed was painted in several pictures, indifferently well. The Rev. Mr. Trimmer, rector of the neighboring church of Heston and a great lover of art, was very intimate with the artist, and frequently made journeys with him, while Turner often visited

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at the rectory and held weighty arguments with Henry Howard, R. A., a mutual friend. He deeply regretted his ignorance of Latin when beginning his Virgilian pictures, and the rector tried to teach him the language in return for painting lessons, but he floundered terribly among the verbs, and could not get on.

Trimmer was a skillful amateur painter, and his friend used one of his sketches in the *Liber Studiorum*, and admired his treatment of sea-fog in pictures. When Turner was visiting at the rectory he always behaved with great propriety, and regularly attended church. The pastor's sons remember him as an ugly, slovenly old man, with rather a pig-like face; in fact, somewhat of "a guy;" and describe how he made them laugh, and how pleasant and social he was.

Before he departed for the North, in 1815, the master wrote a curious letter to Trimmer, alluding to his affection for one of the rector's kinswomen, and timidly suggesting that the lady should help him out in asking the momentous question: "If Miss —— would but waive bashfulness, or, in other words, make an offer instead

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of expecting one, the same [Sandycomb Lodge] might change occupiers." But some untoward event — a suitor less shy, or other cause to us unknown — intervened. and Turner was once more disappointed in love, and never made another attempt.

While living at Twickenham Turner became acquainted with Louis Philippe, of France, who was then staying in the vicinity, an exile from his native land. Some years later, the artist was wandering along the Norman coast, with no baggage but a sketch-book and a change of linen, in search of storms and shipwrecks. At Eu he took lodgings at a fisherman's hut, while his shoes were being mended, and Louis Philippe, then King of France, and temporarily sojourning at the Château d'Eu, having heard of his arrival, sent a court-officer to invite him to dinner. His apologies and excuses were overruled, and the fisherman's wife cut up some of her linen to make him a white tie, after which the artist went up to the Château, where he passed one of the pleasantest of evenings with the King.

In the year 1814 Turner was one of the lead-

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ers in the formation of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, whose members were seceders from the Artists' Joint Stock Fund, an earlier society. There was a continual contest in the Institution between the men who wished to fund its income for future benevolences and those who preferred to devote them to present and immediate charities. Turner was the head of the more cautious party, and after some years he left the society in disgust.

The 'Frosty Morning: Sunrise' was a crisp and sparkling work exhibited in 1813, together with a shadowy picture of 'The Deluge,' illustrated by a quotation from Milton. The Claudesque 'Dido and Æneas,' one of his twenty dreamy and fanciful Carthaginian pictures, was exhibited the next year, with the ultra-classical 'Apuleia in Search of Apuleius,' which he gravely referred to Ovid, although that poet makes no mention of the incident.

In 1814 Turner began to contribute drawings to be engraved in Cooke's "Southern Coast," and continued this congenial and fame-winning labor for twelve years, during which time he made forty admirable drawings, which were pub-

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lished in quarto. These productions represented nearly all the ports and picturesque localities in the southern counties of England; those famous places whose very names — Ilfracombe, Tintagel, Clovelly, Pendennis — have such a sweet music of reminiscence. Afterwards Turner had serious disagreements with Cooke, in which our sympathy sometimes rests with the publisher, who was sadly bullied by his opponent, whose inflexible will would not yield to persuasion nor argument. Once the two men had a bitter quarrel at a *conversazione* in Freemasons' Hall, and called each other harsh names. Again, one Sunday, when Munro and Turner were holding a pleasant interview, Cooke came in and hectored the latter about some unfinished drawings; and when he had departed the tears welled out of the artist's eyes, as he said, "No holidays ever for me."

This work of book-illustrating was the source of Turner's chief emolument, and of almost all his fame, until Ruskin began to write him into public favor. He usually received twenty guineas or more for each drawing thus used, and the drawings were returned to him, and resold, in many cases.

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The 'Crossing the Brook' and the 'Dido building Carthage' were two masterpieces exhibited in 1815, — the former a coldly-colored but vastly expanded composition, showing the Tamar River, towards Plymouth, the Cothele woods, and the estuary of Hamoaze. A gentleman ordered this work for £500, but was dissatisfied and would not take it. Turner afterwards refused £1,600 for it. The 'Carthage' shows a scene in the rise of a maritime empire which the master always considered as typical of England, and is a brilliant and alluring dream of color, inaccurate in topography and architecture, but full of Claudesque sunshine and poetry. Other pictures of this rich year were 'Bligh Sand,' 'The Battle of Fort Rock, Piedmont,' 'The Eruption of the Souffrier Mountains,' and three large Swiss views, the St. Gothard Pass, Lake Lucerne, and the Riechenbach Fall.

'The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire,' the only picture exhibited in 1817, was a companion to 'The Rise of the Carthaginian Empire.' For these two paintings the most extravagant prices were offered; but the artist had

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secretly bequeathed them by will to the nation, and proved his unselfishness by refusing all bids, even such as would give them to the same destination, and enrich him besides. 'The Decline' was painted for £100, for a gentleman who declined to take it when the newspapers made violent attacks upon it. Several public men subscribed £5,000 to buy the two pictures for the National Gallery; but, though the artist shed tears of joy at the honor thus proposed, he refused to sell, and said: "Make my compliments to the memorialists, and tell them 'Carthage' may one day become the property of the nation." Afterwards a merchant, who had already bought £10,000 worth of pictures of him, offered £5,000 more for the pick of three pictures in his gallery, and finally urged him to give two pictures for that sum. Half willing, the master asked which would be his choice; and when he began with 'Carthage,' he answered: "No. It's a noble offer; but I have willed it." And while thus denying himself a fortune, for his patriotism, Turner was rigorous in extorting the last farthing in transactions about his own affairs. It was currently believed that he had declared his

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intention of being buried in the 'Carthage.' "Will you promise to see me rolled up in it?" said he to Chantrey. "Yes," answered the sculptor; "and I promise you also that, as soon as you are buried, I will see you taken up and unrolled." When Dean Milman heard that he was to be interred in St. Paul's, he said: "I will not read the service over him, if he is wrapped up in that picture."

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CHAPTER IV.

Art-Periods. — Ruskin. — Scotland. — Italy. — 'Baiæ.' — 'Cologne.' — 'Polyphemus.' — Life at Rome. — Rogers's Poems. — Versatility.

RUSKIN divides Turner's art-life into three periods: that of study and imitation, between 1800 and 1820; that of working out art-theories toward an ideal, from 1820 to 1835; and that of recording his own simple and loving impressions of Nature, from 1835 to 1845. The first group of works were gray or brown, careful in form, heavy in touch, and unskillful in color; the second were brilliant, refined and delicate, and full of splendor and gladness; the third manifested quiet repose, imaginative delight, and pathos. These three manners were preceded by the period of development, from 1790 to 1800, and followed by the period of decline, from 1845 to 1850. The iron diligence of the master is illustrated by the number of his pictures, of which no fewer than 275 were exhibited at the Academy

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and the Institute, besides many others painted on private commissions.

In scores of eloquent passages Ruskin demonstrates his belief in Turner's profound knowledge of nature, and his marvelous power in observing and faultlessly recording obscure phenomena. He says: "The master mind of Turner, without effort, showers its knowledge into every touch, and we have only to trace out even his slightest passages, part by part, to find in them the universal working of the deepest thoughts, that consistency of every minor truth which admits of and invites the same ceaseless study as the work of Nature herself. . . . . Perhaps the truth of this system of drawing is better to be understood by observing the distant character of rich architecture than of any other object. Go to the top of Highgate Hill, on a clear summer morning at five o'clock, and look at Westminster Abbey; you will receive an impression of a building enriched with multitudinous vertical lines. Try to distinguish one of these lines all the way down from the one next to it; you cannot. Try to count them; you cannot. Try to make out the beginning or end of any one of them; you can-

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not. Look at it generally, and it is all symmetry and arrangement; look at it in its parts, and it is all inextricable confusion. Am I not at this moment describing a piece of Turner's drawing with the same words by which I describe Nature?"

But Hamerton, a more impartial critic, says that "of all the accomplished artists of his time Turner was, I quite believe, the most inaccurate;" and, what is more serious, goes on very faithfully to prove it. Architects are almost unanimously of the opinion that Turner's Venetian buildings are every one clumsy, heavy, and without likeness, although rich in poetic charm and fascination.

Of Turner's trees, Ruskin says: "These two characters, the woody stiffness hinted through muscular line, and the inventive grace of the upper boughs, have never been rendered except by Turner. He does not merely draw them better than others, but he is the only man who has ever drawn them at all." In language of the utmost brilliancy, the great critic also insists on the artist's supreme excellence in depicting skies, mountains, the phenomena of the sea, and many

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other subjects of pictorial treatment. So large a part of the five volumes of the "Modern Painters" is thus occupied that adequate quotation is almost impossible, and as to an original treatment of these themes, we must conclude, with Rossetti, that "to write about Turner's art after Mr. Ruskin is to do failingly what that great writer has done to perfection."

Turner's first visit to Scotland was in 1801, but his most important northern journey was made seventeen years later, when he went thither to make drawings for "The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland," — that splendid work whose letterpress was written by Sir Walter Scott. He was well received by the Scottish people, and mingled in the best literary and artistic society of Edinburgh. In 1818 he exhibited a night-scene on the field of Waterloo, a marine off Dordrecht, a glimpse of Tivoli, and a view of Raby Castle; followed, the next year, by a shipwreck scene at the mouth of the Meuse, a view of Tabley Lake and Tower, and a heavy and unsuccessful picture of Richmond Hill on the Prince Regent's birthday.

The eighteen illustrations for Hakewell's "Pict-

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uresque Tour of Italy" were finished in 1820, and include choice bits of the richest Italian scenery, from Turin to Naples, with six views of Rome. A considerable part of the years 1819 and 1820 was spent by Turner in Italy, at Sir Thomas Lawrence's suggestion, and on his return he exhibited two large and over-idealized Roman scenes. One of his most interesting sketch-books is that in which he portrayed the ruins and churches of Rome, during this tour. Other books of this period are filled with transcripts from the Bay of Naples, Lakes Como and Maggiore, Venice, Dresden, the Rhine, and the Loire. Ruskin points out the fact that Turner never entered thoroughly into the spirit of Italy, although he studied so continuously to possess himself of that sweet and subtle inspiration.

It was at this time that Constable made his celebrated prophecy: "The art will go out; there will be no genuine painting in thirty years." Singularly it happened that Turner died within a few months of the time thus specified. But Millais and Hunt still live and labor, and their noble works attest that art survives and highly flourishes in England.

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In the year 1823 Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire" was published, in two folio volumes, illustrated with twenty engravings from Turner's drawings. But the book resulted in a heavy loss to the publishers, and showed that the great Academician's works were not yet popular. The Cologne and Dover plates were equally unsuccessful. When Turner went down to make his drawings for the Richmondshire work, he bore a letter of introduction to a local publisher, in which the London publisher said: "Above all things, remember that Turner is *a great Jew*." The simple provincial tradesman took this literally, and left the artist at home when he went to church on Sunday, telling him to amuse himself with the books and pictures. At dinner a ham was brought on, and the host apologized for it, at which Turner, mystified and displeased at having been treated before as a Pagan, cried out: "What on earth do you mean, sir?" To which the host replied: "Why, they wrote to me that you was a Jew!"

About this time, Turner painted 'The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl,' which Wornum called his first original work, and a noble mas-

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terpiece. Here, again, was a competition with Claude, a classic theme filled with sunlight and splendor, and a broad Arcadian landscape. A traveler, lately returned from the Baian shores, demonstrated to George Jones that Turner's picture was one half pure invention; and Jones thereupon wrote on the frame *Splendide Mendax*. The artist laughed, protesting that his vineyards and idealized beauties were really there; and allowed the unflattering inscription to remain permanently.

"The Rivers of England" was published in 1824, with sixteen engravings after Turner's designs, showing castles, ports, and fluviatile scenery from the Medway to the Tweed. Another series of similar character was "The Ports of England," being six illustrations of the second-class maritime cities. About this time Turner made twelve poetic drawings, to be used in illustrating Murray's new edition of Byron's works; but these themes were injured by a lack of topographical accuracy. In 1826 "The Provincial Antiquities of Scotland" was published, with thirteen of the master's illustrations.

In 1826 Turner exhibited the 'Forum Ro-

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manum,' a picture of a mansion at Mortlake, and an evening scene at Cologne, with the packet-boat arriving. The vivid coloring of the 'Cologne' seriously injured the effect of two of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits, between which it was hung, and caused deep mortification to that artist. But when the Exhibition opened the golden sky of the 'Cologne' was seen to have been changed to a dull brown, and when the critics demanded what Turner had done to his picture, he gruffly answered: "Oh, poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It 's only lamp-black; it 'll all wash off after the Exhibition." He had spoiled the picture for the public view in order to please Lawrence. Burger, the Continental art-critic, said of the 'Cologne' that everything in it was uniformly colored like the yolk of an egg; and thereby drew upon himself Hamerton's quiet but telling reproof.

In 1826 the master sold his place at Twickenham, probably because it was inconvenient to be so far from his city patrons and the engravers. His father was deeply grieved at the change; but Joseph said that "Dad" was always working in the garden there, and catching abom-

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inable colds. The older Turner used to go to the city every day to open the gallery, and was much troubled at the expense of the journeys, until at last he found a market-gardener who would carry him in on top of his vegetables for a glass of gin. He was a regular attendant at Twickenham Church as long as he remained in the village.

The master at last became uneasy at the restrictions of Cooke, his publisher, and resolved to issue a new work on his own account, and upon a comprehensive scale. The "England and Wales" was commenced in 1827, and the publication continued for eleven years, its long duration and studied unity being indicated by the alphabetical sequence of the subjects. This glorious epitome of the scenery of Albion consisted of a hundred plates, illustrating ports and castles, abbeys and cathedrals, palaces, coast-views, and lakes.

The exhibited pictures of 1827 were the 'Rembrandt's Daughter,' an evening view at the Mortlake mansion, a Derbyshire scene, Port Ruysdael, and 'Now for the Painter.' The 'Rembrandt's Daughter' was hung next to a portrait of a Dub-

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lin-University man, in brilliant red robes, and Turner hastened to outshine the adjacent picture by heaping red lead and vermilion on his own. When the hangers asked what he was about, he replied, pointing to the university robe, "You have checkmated me." Port Ruysdael was an imaginary locality, which the master illustrated several times, having invented the name for his own amusement and to mystify the Londoners.

The year 1828 was a fruitful one for Turner's fame, since then he produced 'The Equipment of the Fleet,' another Carthaginian picture; a scene from Boccaccio's *Decameron;* views of Petworth Park, East Cowes Castle, and the Chain Pier at Brighton; and the memorable 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' of which Thornbury says: "For color, for life and shade, for composition, this seems to me to be the most wonderful and admirable of Turner's idealisms." Ruskin calls it the central picture in Turner's career, illustrating his perfect power, and crowned by the finest sky in all his oil-paintings.

Turner went to Rome in 1828, and remained there through a part of 1829, painting large picures of Loreto, Orvieto, and Palestrina. In

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October he wrote a frank and cheerful letter to George Jones, R. A., saying: "Two months, nearly, in getting to this Terra Pictura, *and at work;* but the length of time is my own fault. I must see the south of France, which almost knocked me up, the heat was so intense, particularly at Nismes and Avignon; and until I got a plunge into the sea at Marseilles I felt so weak that nothing but the change of scene kept me onwards to my distant point. Genoa, and all the sea-coast from Nice to Spezzia, is remarkably rugged and fine; so is Massa. Tell that fat fellow Chantrey that I did think of him, *then* (but not the first or the last time) of the thousands he had made out of those marble craigs, which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch; but he deserves everything which is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara."

A few weeks later he wrote to Chantrey, describing his works at the studio, No. 12 Piazza Mignanelli, Rome, and quaintly criticising the latest productions of Gibson and Thorwaldsen. The great English artist was not appreciated abroad, and several Roman connoisseurs ex-

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pressed their wonder that his countrymen could tolerate such singular pictures. There was an English tradesman named Turner then living in the city, who sold large quantities of mustard; and the Roman wits proclaimed that one Turner sold mustard and the other painted it.

When Turner's father died, in 1830, the artist was sadly out of spirits, and said that the loss was like that of an only child. The family was broken up, and the remaining member never again appeared like the same man. He had his father's remains buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, where he raised a monument to the memory of him and his wife. For many years the old retired barber had been his son's assistant, straining and varnishing his pictures, and doing certain simple parts in their coloring.

Some of Turner's noblest work is found in the designs for the twenty-five illustrations in Rogers's poem of "Italy," many of which are gems of the first water, engraved by the most skillful hands, and printed on the best paper. They depict the chief cities of the fair peninsula, her mountain-walls and bordering seas, her villas and ruins, goats and banditti. Turner was so

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well pleased with the sumptuous way in which the pictures were printed that he would accept but five guineas each for them. About this time, also, the master was busy with his drawings for "The Keepsake," which he illustrated for nine years. Another great undertaking of this period was his drawing twenty-six views of Palestine scenery, from the sketches of other artists and travelers, to be engraved by the Findens in their "Illustrations of the Bible."

The Exhibition of 1831 contained Turner's picture of 'Caligula's Palace and Bridge; Bay of Baiæ,' a brilliant and unreal scene from that region which the artist seems to have regarded as the most conspicuous monument of the ruin of Roman power. Other works of this year were 'Lord Percy under Attainder, visited by his Daughters;' the unsuccessful 'Vision of Medea;' 'A Stranded Vessel making Signals of Distress;' and some smaller works. During the next year, he exhibited the magnificent poem on canvas, 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Italy,' wherein are seen all the typical features of Italy, —mountains, walled cities, convents, ruins, flat-topped pines, and broad and noble landscapes.

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With this appeared 'The Landing of William of Orange at Torbay,' 'The Fiery Furnace,' 'Fingal's Cave,' and two Dutch naval views.

The marvelous versatility of Turner cannot be expressed as well, in other words, as Ruskin has thus illustrated it: "There is architecture, including a large number of formal 'gentlemen's seats,' —I suppose drawings commissioned by the owners; then lowland pastoral scenery of every kind, including nearly all farming operations, — plowing, harrowing, hedging and ditching, felling trees, sheep-washing, and I know not what else; there are all kinds of town life, — court-yards of inns, starting of mail-coaches, interiors of shops, house-buildings, fairs, and elections; then all kinds of inner domestic life, — interiors of rooms, studies of costumes, of still life and heraldry, including multitudes of symbolical vignettes; then marine scenery of every kind, full of local incident, every kind of boat and method of fishing for particular fish being specifically drawn, round the whole coast of England, — pilchard-fishing at St. Ives, whiting-fishing at Margate, herring at Loch Fyne, — and all kinds of shipping, including studies of every separate part of the vessels,

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and many marine battle-pieces; then all kinds of mountain scenery, some idealized into compositions, others of definite localities; together with classical compositions — Romes and Carthages, and such others by the myriad, with mythological, historical, or allegorical figures — nymphs, monsters and spectres, heroes and divinities. What general feeling, it may be asked incredulously, can possibly pervade all this? This, the greatest of all feelings, — an utter forgetfulness of self? Thoughout the whole period with which we are at present concerned, Turner appears as a man of sympathy absolutely infinite, — a sympathy so all-embracing that I know nothing but that of Shakespeare comparable with it. A soldier's wife resting by the roadside is not beneath it; Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, watching the dead bodies of her sons, not above it. Nothing can possibly be so mean as that it will not interest his whole mind and carry away his whole heart; nothing so great or solemn but that he can raise himself into harmony with it; and it is impossible to prophesy of him at any moment whether the next he will be in laughter or tears."

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CHAPTER V.

The New Manner. — Turner's Gift. — Fair Scotland. — "Old Pogey." — Rivers of France. — Italian Themes. — German Criticisms.

TURNER was now entering upon his third period, that of his highest excellence, when he "went to the cataract for its iris, and the conflagration for its flames; asked of the sky its intensest azure, of the sun its clearest gold." The great hermit of Nature, who quietly said that he never lost an accident, and who worked as many hours as would have made the lives of two men of his own age, now founded the new system of coloring,

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

Turner had a profound sense of the solemnity and sorrow of life, and the sad certainty of death. Says Ruskin: "There is no form of violent death which he has not painted; and the noblest of all the plates of the *Liber Studiorum*, except the 'Via Mala,' is one engraved with his own hand,

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of a single sailor, yet living, dashed in the night against a granite coast, his body and outstretched hands just seen in the trough of a mountain wave, between it and the overhanging wall of rock, hollow, polished, and pale with dreadful cloud and grasping foam."

When Turner made his will, in 1832, he bequeathed the bulk of his estate for the establishment of a charitable institution "for the Maintenance and Support of Poor and Decayed Male Artists, being born in England and of English parents only, and lawful issue." This foundation was to be called "Turner's Gift," and a certain sum was appropriated for buildings at Twickenham, leaving enough to furnish revenues for the support of the charity. For the next twenty years the great artist saved and pinched to increase the funds of this monument to his name, but it was all in vain.

Ruskin demonstrates that the artist dwelt continually on three morals, in his groups of foreign pictures: in Carthage, he illustrated the dangers of the pursuit of wealth; in Rome, the fate of unbridled ambition; and in Venice, the vanity of pleasure and luxury. The Venetian pictures be-

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gan in 1833, with a glowing painting of the Doge's Palace, Dogana, Campanile, and Bridge of Sighs; and with this were exhibited 'Van Tromp Returning from Battle,' 'The Rotterdam Ferry-boat,' 'The Mouth of the Seine at Quillebœuf,' and another Venetian subject. The next year brought out a dream-land scene at Lake Avernus and the Bay of Baiæ, another panorama of Venice, a wrecking party on the Northumberland coast, and St. Michael's Mount.

When Cadell planned a new edition of Scott's poems (published in 1834), he commissioned Turner to go to the places which had been immortalized in the verse of the Wizard of the North, and prepare twenty-four sketches for illustrations. There were two of these in each volume, showing the most beautiful and picturesque scenes of Scotland and the Border. With somewhat of the clannishness of his nation, Scott preferred to have his illustrations made by Mr. Thomson, the artistic genius who was pastor of Duddingston; but he soon became reconciled to the employment of the gifted Academician, and entertained him royally at Abbotsford. Scott, Lockhart, and Turner made numerous excursions

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to points of interest in southern Scotland, — Dryburgh Abbey, the old peel-tower of Bemerside, and Smailholm Tower, where Scott told his guest that "the habit of lying here on the turf among the sheep and lambs, when a lame infant, had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for those animals, which it had ever since retained." On this journey (in 1830 or 1831) the master went north as far as the Isle of Skye, where he drew Loch Corriskin, which he said was the grandest scene he had ever beheld; and there he nearly lost his life by a fall from the crags. The views of the savage and lonely Hermitage Castle, of fair Edinburgh from Arthur's Seat, and of Glencoe and Killiekrankie are among the best in this noble series, which, though not conceived in Scott's spirit of Border chivalry, are full of rich and tender effects of art. About the same time Turner made a series of illustrations for Scott's Life of Napoleon, differing widely in merit, and with microscopic and admirably distinct figures in throngs.

Turner spent some time at Edinburgh, and frequently went out sketching in company with Thomson of Duddingston, whom some of the

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Scottish amateurs preferred to the Academician himself. He called one day at Thomson's house, to examine his paintings, but, instead of the praises which the parson expected, the Londoner merely remarked, "You beat me in frames." The two artists were present at most of the meetings of the Edinburgh painters and savans, and Turner raised many questions here as to the combinations of colors which would produce light, over which the assembled Scottish wisdom held such heated arguments that these topics were, after a time, forbidden. Nevertheless, Turner had already gained much information, which enabled him to work out new and valuable modes of practice. Turner always cherished kindly memories of Scotland, and asked Mr. Munro, after each of his visits to the North, how they got on at "the Modern Aythens," and if "Thomson and that set had discovered Titian's secret yet."

In 1830–31 Turner finished his thirty-three illustrations for Rogers's Poems, most of which were admirably engraved by Goodall. At this time, also, a new edition of Byron was published, in seventeen volumes, and the master contributed

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one topographical picture to each volume. Other drawings were made for Finden's "Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron," the year before; and another series in the new twenty-eight volume edition of Scott's works, including twenty-three foreign and fourteen Scottish views.

At this time Turner was a frequent visitor at Cowley Hall, the seat of Mr. Rose of Jersey, fifteen miles from London. He usually walked hither from the city; and "Old Pogey" (as he was called by the Roses) was always warmly welcomed. One day Mrs. Rose asked him to draw her favorite spaniel, and in amazement he cried: "My dear madam, you do not know what you ask!" The lady was always after that known by the title of "My dear madam." Mr. Rose tells how he and Turner sat up one night until two o'clock, drinking cognac and water, and talking of their travels. Rose once asked him, somewhat naively, if he painted his clouds from nature; whereupon his face grew black, and after an ominous silence he exclaimed, "How would you have me paint them?" and marched away in high dudgeon. Whenever he departed from Cowley, after a visit, he left a few shillings

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under his pillow for the servants. One day Mrs. Rose and another lady visited his house in Harley Street, at mid-winter, and were entertained with wine and biscuits, in a frigid and fireless room. They saw seven tailless cats there, which he told them were brought from the Isle of Man.

'The Rivers of France' (originally published as 'Turner's Annual Tour,' and afterwards by Bohn as the *Liber Fluviorum*) engaged three years of Turner's life, and his works therein included rank among the most successful of their class. The hitherto despised French scenery was idealized and illustrated by his free pencil, in sixty pictures, which were elegantly engraved by British burins. Says Ruskin: "Of all foreign countries, Turner has most entirely entered into the spirit of France: partly because here he found more fellowship of scene with his own England; partly because an amount of thought which will miss of Italy or Switzerland will fathom France; partly because there is in the French foliage and forms of ground much that is especially congenial with his own peculiar choice of form. . . . . He still remains

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the only, but in himself the sufficient, painter of French landscape." The eloquent critic goes on to describe at length the chief beauties and most original traits of these bright landscapes by the Loire and Seine, the Marne and the Cher. But Hamerton, who knows far more about France, while praising their exquisite beauty, challenges the accuracy of Turner's "Rivers" in almost every particular, — and especially as to color, adding, in general terms, that "Turner, as a colorist, was splendid and powerful, but utterly unfaithful." Hamerton's review of the "Rivers," in the "Portfolio" for June and July, 1878, is a beautiful piece of analysis.

In the French work Turner was associated with Leitch Ritchie, but their tastes were so diverse that they could not travel together. Ritchie says (and doubtless with accuracy) that his colleague's drawings were marvelously exaggerated, and that he would often make a splendid picture of a place without a single correct detail, trebling the height of its spires, and throwing in many imaginative accessories. He was not a local topographer, drawing for the villagers, and so he felt at liberty to group and

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magnify the salient objects as seemed most picturesque. It is still an open question as to how far an artist has the right to thus rearrange Nature in pictures professedly topographical, giving his ideas of how she ought to look, rather than a transcript of the scene. But Turner always claimed this right, and changed the groupings of his landscapes and architecture at will. For this reason he was not careful, in his preliminary sketches, to preserve the exact appearance of objects in Nature, preferring to give a general and idealized view of the landscape rather than a precise copy thereof. When a fellow-artist was lamenting that he could not find a certain point in Switzerland, from which he once saw, and now wished to paint, a glorious Alpine panorama, Turner answered: "Why! do you not know, at your age, that you ought to paint your *impressions?*" Not one of all the master's glowing pictures was painted out-doors, in presence of the theme for delineation. Turner's chief works in 1835–37 were the 'Heidelberg Castle in the Olden Time,' 'Ehrenbreitstein and the Tomb of Marceau,' 'Venice from the Salute Church,' and 'Line-fishing off Hastings,' which were ex-

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hibited in 1835. During the next year he exhibited a sunny Italian picture called 'Mercury and Argus,' and a view of Rome from the Aventine Hill.

'The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons' was another glowing picture of this year, which was almost all painted on the walls of the Exhibition. He frequently sent his canvases to the Institute and the Academy merely sketched out and grounded, and then, coming in as early as four in the morning on varnishing days, he would put his nose to the sketch and paint steadily until nightfall, while the canvas would begin to glow as if by magic. Thousands of imperceptible touches rained down upon the picture, until at last the glorious work was achieved. Another picture of the burning of Parliament House was sent this year to the British Institution. "What 's this?" cried Lord Hill, while looking at it. "Call this painting? Nothing but dabs." But when he was retiring, he caught its true effect, and added: "Painting! God bless me! So it is!"

When Mr. Munro, Turner's friend, was suffering from depressed spirits, the master led him

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through an interesting part of France, and by Chamouni and the Vale of Aosta into Italy. Munro said that he was a pleasant companion, if one would bear with his odd ways; and the two travelers formed a plan to go to the East together. At this time he made the sketch for his wild Avalanche picture; a photographically unideal painting of modern Rome and the Tiber; and a Venetian picture, which Munro ordered. The artist demanded his traveling expenses to Venice, on the latter commission, and brought back an ambitious painting in place of the drawing for which he was paid. Many years later Munro sold this work for £3,000.

The seven illustrations to Milton's poems were the least successful of Turner's works for the book-makers; but he had better luck with the twenty romantic designs which he made for Campbell's poems at the same time. Other engravings of this period were the 'Views in India,' designed by Turner from Lieutenant White's sketches among the Himalayas. Campbell neglected to pay Turner, and informed him that he was going to sell the drawings at auction, upon which the artist bought them back

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for twenty guineas each, either to avoid having his name hawked about in an auction room, or else to aid the impecunious poet.

About this time he exhibited the 'Apollo and Daphne in the Vale of Tempe,' a brilliant picture of 'Regulus leaving Rome to return to Carthage,' and the dark and stormy scene, 'The Parting of Hero and Leander.' The next Exhibition contained his 'Phryne going to the Public Baths as Venus,' into which he introduced the group of Demosthenes taunted by Æschines. The chief pictures of this date were painted for Mr. Munro, and represent Ancient Italy and Modern Italy, grand imaginative compositions, the first of which shows the banishment of Ovid from Rome, the architectural details including the Sublician Bridge and the Castle of St. Angelo. Modern Italy is represented in a view of the Campagna, with a white hill-town, a religious procession, and a group of *pifferari*. A year later he exhibited pictures of Ancient Rome and Modern Rome, the first being a vast and dreamy pile of palaces, and Agrippina landing with the ashes of her husband, Germanicus; while the Modern Rome was a view of the ruined Forum.

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The 'England and Wales' was discontinued in 1838, having been a losing venture, and the copper-plates and stock were sold to balance the accounts. Bohn offered £2,800 for them, but they were bid in at the auction by Turner himself for £3,000, and he went over to Bohn and said: "So, sir, you were going to buy my 'England and Wales,' to sell cheap, I suppose, —make umbrella prints of them, eh? But I have taken care of that. No more of my plates shall be worn to shadows." Bohn said that he did not want the plates, but the stock already printed; and, calling on Turner the next morning, offered him £2,500 for the books and engravings, leaving the coppers and copyright to the artist. But Turner refused to sell the stock for less than £3,000, and so the interview was fruitless, and the engravings remained in his house until he died, mouldering away and falling to pieces. No attempt was made either to preserve or to sell them, and the large sum of money which they might have brought was lost by neglect of interest.

At this time Passavant, the German painter and critic, said of Turner: "This artist is de-

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cidedly the most talented of all the living landscape-painters; but such is his extravagance of effect, and total neglect of all form, that the English, though great admirers of his genius, are seldom found willing to purchase his works." Dr. Waagen, another German critic, expressed the following opinion: "Turner was a man of marvelous genius, occupying some such place among the English landscape-painters of our day as Byron among the modern English poets. In point of fact, no landscape-painter has yet appeared with such versatility of talent."

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CHAPTER VI.

Fading Pictures. — Middle-Class Patrons. — The Beaumont Party. — 'The Old *Téméraire*.' — 'The Slave Ship.' — Portraits of Turner. — "Modern Painters." — Last Works.

TURNER'S later pictures were filled with ethereality and prismatic brilliancy, with white grounds, warm foregrounds, and a labored attempt to compass a dreamy grandeur by floods of light. Even Ruskin says that the pictures of his last five years are of "wholly inferior value," with unsatisfactory foliage, chalky faces, and general indications of feebleness of hand. But nearly all these later works are now scarcely more than ghosts, such deteriorating changes have passed upon them, from several causes. "Their effects were either attained by so light glazing of one color over another that the upper color, in a year or two, sank entirely into its ground, and was seen no more; or else by the stirring and kneading together of colors chemically discordant, which gathered into an-

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gry spots; or else by laying in liquid tints with too much vehicle in them, which cracked as they dried, or solid tints with too little vehicle in them, which dried into powder and fell off; or painting the whole on an ill-prepared canvas, from which the picture peeled like the bark from a birch-tree; or using a wrong white, which turned black, or a wrong red, which turned gray, or a wrong yellow, which turned brown." The great critic adds that Turner's pictures were never seen in their perfection a month after they were completed, so rapid was the process of deterioration. In view of this technical unskillfulness, it is difficult to understand how Ruskin could have included him in even his singularly selected group of the seven supreme colorists, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Correggio, Reynolds, and Turner.

Turner's patrons were found among the great merchants and manufacturers of Northern and Midland England, and not among the nobility. Art seemed to have been paralyzed among the upper classes, leaving to the great middle class the duty and pleasure of its cultivation. The condition of affairs in the age of the Stuarts

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was clearly reversed under the later Guelphs. It has been stated, and not without some appearance of justice, that the neglect with which the British nobility treated Turner was due to their great attachment, at that time, to the works and manner of Claude Lorraine. Sir George Beaumont, an amateur artist, was then the oracle of the fashionable art-patrons, and he had such an intense admiration for Claude that he used to carry one of his pictures on every journey. Turner felt keenly that he was slighted in behalf of one whom he considered far inferior, and began a war upon Claude's works which he carried even beyond the grave.

Constable used to spit with disgust at sight of some of Turner's pictures, and said, after testing them with a diminishing glass, that his works were only large water-colors. The two artists had many a lively skirmish, at the Academy meetings and elsewhere, and Turner withstood his antagonist handsomely. Wilkie, who used to tease the master about his titles, calling him R. A. P. P., at one time fell so completely under the influence of the Beaumont clique that he said that Turner was "getting into a weak

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and vapid tone of painting;" whereupon the two great artists had a serious quarrel. Turner was bitterly opposed by the critics of Sir George Beaumont's party, who sneered at his manner as "the white and yellow school." The Marquis of Stafford, and the Earls of Egremont, Essex, Harewood, and Yarborough were his chief patrons among the lords.

At first Turner's pictures found no purchasers, and were returned from the Exhibitions to his studio unsold, until the wealthy midland manufacturers began to bid for them. Their prices have risen steadily and rapidly, and the works are now worth quadruple what they once were, and even higher rates are paid for many of them. Some idea of this appreciation in value may be seen in the record of the sale of Mr. Bicknell's collection, in 1863, when ten of Turner's pictures, which had been bought for £3,749, were sold for £17,094.

James Lennox, of New York, sent a request to Leslie to buy one of Turner's pictures for him for £500. When the artist was asked if he would let a picture go to America, he said, "No; they won't come up to the scratch,"—

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alluding to his high prices; but when the commission was declared, Leslie was given the choice of three pictures. He took the 'Sunset View of Staffa,' and sent it to New York; but Mr. Lennox wrote back to express his disappointment, and to say that he could not write to Turner about it. The latter sent word to Lennox, anent his complaint that the picture was indistinct: "You should tell him that indistinctness is my *forte*." In the course of time the American purchaser grew to like his picture very much, and on his next visit to London he bought another of these indistinct compositions. Turner always disliked to part with his pictures, which he likened to dear children, and doubtless felt still more reluctant to have them sent to America, where he could never see them again. Meissonier has this feeling to an exaggerated degree, and publicly expresses his sorrow when any of his pictures are sent beyond the Atlantic.

Turner was peculiarly English in his love for the navy, and had such a strong nautical taste that he spared neither time nor hardship to study the great wooden walls of the island

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kingdom. Cheap and rough trips with the mariners of the Thames, and venturous cruises on coasting vessels and smugglers, taught him the mechanism of ships and their varying motions, while they imparted a certain nautical looseness to his manners and morals. The noblest work of the marine class was 'The Old *Téméraire*,' which the artist prized above all his other productions, and Ruskin called the last picture which he executed with entire and perfect power.

The line-of-battle ship *Téméraire* was built at Chatham in 1798, and bore the British flag proudly in the terrible battle of Trafalgar, where she ran between and captured the French frigates *Redoubtable* and *Fougeux*, firing tremendous broadsides into both vessels. One day, when Turner and a party of brother-artists were going down the Thames, they met the *Téméraire*, condemned to be dismantled, being towed to her last moorings, at Deptford, by a little steam-tug. "There 's a fine subject, Turner," said Stanfield; and the hint was quickly taken. The sailors called her "The Fighting *Téméraire*," and the artist adopted this title, and was moved to

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tears when the historians' accounts proved that she was not the most heroic of British ships, and he was forced to change the name to 'The Old *Témeraire.*' (One of the new British ironclads now bears this honored name.)

The scene is laid at sunset, when the smouldering red light is vividly reflected on the river, and contrasts with the quiet gray and pearly tints about the low-hung moon. The vast and majestic old ship looms upward through these changing lights, bathed by their splendor, and seeming like a battle-scarred warrior borne toward the grave. This noble and pathetic picture was sought by Lennox, of New York, and other purchasers, but the artist refused to sell it at any price, and finally bequeathed it to the nation.

The pictures exhibited in 1840 were the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' two Venetian scenes, and two marines; and the famous 'Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying, Typhoon coming on,' which is now in the Boston Museum of the Fine Arts. "I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is

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that of 'The Slave Ship,' the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendor which burns like gold and bathes like blood."

In 1841 John Gilbert made a surreptitious portrait of Turner, as he sat on his box finishing a picture, awkwardly dressed and coarse in feature, and rapidly scumbling over one of his painted sun-bursts. Several other likenesses, now in existence, were taken in the same furtive manner, but Turner did not wish to have his portrait made public, believing that he was so homely that the sale of his pictures would be

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ruined thereby. Mulready sketched him as an angry debater in the Academy Council, furious with disappointment. Chalon drew his crimson face, high brows, and little gray-blue eyes. Charles Turner made a faithful picture from many careful memoranda, scrupulously displaying his quaint costume and figure. Landseer painted a clever and successful portrait, which was soon afterwards ruined. Linnel drew his features from memory, after meeting him at several dinner-parties, where the host placed the two men opposite each other. The Count d'Orsay made a caricature of him (in 1851), attending an evening party, and evidently not far from death's door.

Trimmer said that his eyes were fine and intelligent, dark-blue or mazarine, somewhat heavy, except while animated, when they became round, glaring, and bull-like. Other friends described him as "having a red Jewish face with staring bluish-gray eyes, and the smallest and dirtiest hands on record. His complexion was very coarse and weather-beaten; his cuticle that of a stage-coachman, or an old man-of-war boatswain. It was as tough as the skin of a rhinoc-

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eros, and red as the shell of a boiled lobster." Peter Cunningham says :- "His personal appearance was far from engaging. He was short, stout, and bandy-legged, with a red, pimply face, imperious and covetous eyes. Sir William Allan was accustomed to describe him as a Dutch skipper." A tavern-keeper in the Juras characterized Turner as "a rough, clumsy man; and you may know him by his always having a pencil in his hand." A Keswick guide spoke of him as spending several days in painting a single bit of rock in the forest, with materials not worth half a crown, but he "was not shabby himsel'." At one time he broke a tendon achilles, while out on a sketching climb, and for a long time afterwards he limped badly.

His dress was careless, and often dirty, with sleeves long enough to hide his hands, a velvet collar, and a bright red or blue waistcoat. He wore a hat with the nap carefully brushed the wrong way, short black gaiters, a stiff black satin stock with its ends fastened by a coral pin, and sometimes a long white tie. Leslie says that "he might have been taken for the captain of a river steamer, at first sight."

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Turner's inseparable companion was an old faded umbrella, which he carried in all weathers and to all places. It was ingeniously contrived with a hollow stick, detachable from the ribs and covering, and capable of elongation by jointed sections, so that he always had a fishing-pole convenient to his hand. Another companion was a small valise, whose key he guarded with jealous care, and no one ever learned its contents. In his traveling-box, found in the studio after his death, were volumes of Young's "Night Thoughts" and Izaak Walton, and a translation of Horace, with a venerable red morocco pocket-book, brushes, pencils, and a card of cakes of water-colors, worn away in the centre.

Turner's later period was at its full maturity in 1841, and it seems as if nothing but marvelous bursts of vivid color would satisfy his dimming eyes. His exhibited works were Glaucus and Scylla, from Ovid; the Dawn of Christianity; the Flight into Egypt; Prince Albert of Coburg's Castle of Rosenau; the Depositing of Bellini's three Pictures in the Redentore Church, at Venice; and two vivid Venetian

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themes, the Giudecca and the Ducal Palace. An eminent German critic has demonstrated that when Turner was composing these pyrotechnical works he must have been color-blind; and an English critic characterizes the pictures of these later years as dreams, challenges, theories, experiments, and absurdities, with coloring ranging from insanity to imbecility, and figures generally contemptible.

In the year 1843 Turner made a series of sketches about the Lake of Lucerne and the St. Gothard Pass, full of detail and subtlety, extraordinary colors and profound suggestions. Ruskin calls the St. Gothard and the Valley of Goldau "the last drawings which Turner ever made with unabated power," and likens the one to Dante's *Malebolge*, and the other to his *loco altestro*. At the Academy he exhibited this year two Venetian pictures, the Campo Santo and the Dogana; a Snow-Storm, with a steamboat off a harbor's mouth, making signals, in shallow water, and going by the lead; Peace, a Burial at Sea; and War, the Exile and the Rock-Limpet. This latter was a subtle allegory, directed to Napoleon at St. Helena, and

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filled with scarlet phantasmagoria. The preceding picture was an allusion to the fate of Sir David Wilkie, the Scottish artist, who had recently died on shipboard, and was buried in the sea off Cape Trafalgar. The death of this old friend and brother-professional deeply touched the master, who was already far into the winter of his years. His power of sight and accuracy of touch were rapidly failing, and nothing availed to arrest the decadence, when he should follow his old comrade. So dark and funereal are the tints of 'The Burial at Sea' that it seems to have been painted on crape; and the sails of the steamer are not grimy, but jet black. Stanfield found fault with these sails, and Turner answered: "I only wish I had any color to paint them blacker."

The snow-storm picture was the first great painting in which falling snow was represented, and depicted a storm which the artist observed from the *Ariel*, off Harwich. "Soapsuds and whitewash," the critics called it, and the vexed master cried out to Ruskin: "Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like! I wish they'd

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been in it." The Rev. Charles Kingsley said that Turner told him that he was lashed to the mast for four hours, studying this great storm, not expecting to survive it, but determined to make a correct record if he did.

The noblest eulogium which artist ever had was bestowed on Turner in Ruskin's "Modern Painters," whose first volume appeared in 1843, exalting the English artist to spheres of ineffable light, while unjustly depressing Claude, Salvator, and even the majestic Raphael himself. All England was moved to gaze upon Turner's works, and forced to admire them, when praised in the splendid diapason and fervid rhapsodies of Ruskin's sentences; and the new Pre-Raphaelite school arose to fame on the wings of popular enthusiasm, when the eloquent author certified that it bore the sign-manual of Turner's precepts. This great exposition of the new manner in art extended to five volumes, — the title "Modern Painters" having been substituted, for commercial reasons, for Ruskin's original title, "Turner and the Ancients."

Turner once remarked that "Ruskin knows

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a great deal more about my pictures than I do. He puts things into my head, and points out meanings in them that I never intended." Ruskin himself says: "My own admiration of him was wild in enthusiasm; but it gave him no ray of pleasure; he could not make me, at that time, understand his main meanings. He loved me, but cared nothing for what I said, and was always trying to hinder me from writing, because it gave pain to his fellow-artists. To the praise of other persons he gave not even the acknowledgment of this sad affection." Many of Turner's friends say that Ruskin killed Turner, since his book increased the artist's fame immeasurably, and brought society upon him, thus forcing a radical change in his habits.

In summer Turner frequently visited Margate, taking the Saturday steamer, and spending most of his time hanging over the stern to watch the sunlight and the turbulent water of the vessel's wake. At dinner-time he would open his lunch-box of cold meat, and beg a clean plate or a hot potato from some one, much to the disgust of the waiters. In 1843, when Ruskin was herald-

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ing him as the apostle of Nature, he was seen on the Margate steamer eating shrimps out of a great red handkerchief laid across his knees. The narrator adds: "An apostle, surely, in the strangest guise."

In 1844 the London wits began to assail Turner's works, and "Punch" fairly sparkled with cruel badinage at the old master's expense. Gilbert à Beckett and Thackeray joined in making fun of his works, the former asserting that he mixed his colors on the canvas, or pelted it with eggs, and that his 'Masaniello' was 'a lobster salad.' The indignant Ruskin wrote thus: "To censure, Turner was acutely sensitive; owing to his natural kindness he felt it for himself or for others, not as criticism, but as cruelty. He knew that, however little his higher power could be seen, he had at least done as much as ought to have saved him from wanton insult; and the attacks upon him in his later years were to him not merely contemptible in their ignorance, but amazing in their ingratitude. '*A man may be weak in his age*,' he said to me once, at the time when he felt he was dying, '*but you should not tell him so*.'"

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In 1843 he painted three vivid Venetian pictures, one of which, 'The *Sun of Venice* Going to Sea,' was a representation of a handsome little vessel sailing gayly out into a gathering storm. Two contrasted and powerful compositions were the 'Light and Color, or the Morning of the Deluge,' and 'Shade and Darkness, or the Evening of the Deluge.' Another picture, 'The Opening of the Walhalla,' illustrated the dedication of the magnificent temple of German fame, near Ratisbon, in 1842, and was sent as a present to King Louis of Bavaria. The sovereign was unable to comprehend this fervid composition, and had the picture packed up and returned to the painter.

Hammersley visited the Turner Gallery, in 1844, on the invitation of its owner, and reverently describes the master's shambling gait, loose dress, ragged hair, and penetrating eyes. The gallery was a littered and chaotic scene, with many pictures leaning against the wall, covered with unclean cloths; and the taciturn artist led his guest from one to the other of these glowing paintings, describing their chief traits.

Calcott died this year, and Hammersley, who

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was visiting the Turner Gallery when the news came, describes how the great master excused himself from his company, and went out in tears. He had been a friend and admirer of the deceased artist, and once said of one of Calcott's Thames views, which had been painted for £200: "Had I been deputed to set a value upon that picture, I should have awarded a thousand guineas."

Among Turner's later works, some of them bred in the murky twilight of decadence, were three Venetian scenes and three Dutch marine views, together with the marvelous 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' in which a train on the Great Western Railway is seen dashing through a blinding storm. The years 1845 and 1846 witnessed the production of six Venetian pictures and three scenes in whaling voyages, with the fantasies entitled 'Queen Mab's Grotto,' 'The Hero of a Hundred Fights,' 'Undine and Masaniello,' and 'The Angel Standing in the Sun.' Turner's last journey to Switzerland was made in 1845, when he executed many fresh sketches, including fourteen in and about Fribourg.

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The master never grew weary in his search after knowledge in matters pertaining to art. In 1847 he made many visits to the rooms of Mayall, the daguerreotyper, to study the new processes, and to observe the curious effects of light in the instruments. He had his picture taken many times, and became such an *habitué* of the rooms that a regular chair was fixed for him. He gave himself out to be a master in chancery, and was not detected for two years, after which, although the flattered Mayall offered him still greater attentions, he never visited the rooms again.

In his letter acknowledging the receipt of his annual Christmas goose-pie from Mr. Fawkes, in 1849, he recounted the destruction wrought at Rome by Oudinot's siege, and closed thus: "I am sorrry to say my health is much on the wane. I cannot bear the same fatigue, or have the same bearing against it, I formerly had; but time and tide stop not."

The fantastic flurries of the preceding five years were succeeded in 1850 by a group of classical subjects, four pictures of the period of decadence, representing scenes from the life of

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Æneas and the legends of Carthage. The light key in which the color-blind master worked during his last decade was adopted by many of the English landscape-painters, and resulted in a group of thin and chalky pictures, devoid of depth and richness. Wilkie alone had ventured to protest, at an earlier day, saying: "If we are on the right road, then the greatest masters of the Italian and British schools have all been wrong."

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CHAPTER VII.

Turner's Character. — Seclusion. — Petworth. — Chantrey and Jones. — Varnishing Days.

LET us turn for a moment to the discussion of the central fact in the life of Turner, as viewed through the golden haze of Ruskin's key-note sentence: "Imagine what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy, until he felt himself sinking into the grave." Believing that English prose means the same in Boston as in London, and that Turner's biographers have not been unconscionable libelers, we are forced to look at such a statement with blank amazement and doubt. "The kindest heart"! when all accounts and a hundred anecdotes show that Turner inherited and but little ameliorated the narrow traits of the Maiden-Lane barber and his waspish wife. "The noblest genius"! in

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a period which produced Goethe and Schiller, Canova and Thorwaldsen, Napoleon and Wellington, Walter Scott and Wordsworth, Daniel Webster and Hawthorne, Humboldt and Faraday. "Never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy"! when Ruskin himself boasts of ten years of "familiar intercourse" with him, and that meant exaggerated hero-worship; when Jones and Trimmer, and Munro and Chantrey, and a host of others were devoted to a loving attendance on his whims and wants; when Devonshire and Scotland received him with enthusiastic ovations; when Petworth and Lowther Castle and Fonthill Abbey opened their hospitable gates to entertain him; when Scott and Campbell, Rogers and Moore, did him honor; when the Royal Academy supported him with almost unbroken ranks; when he refused fabulous prices for his works, and accumulated an immense fortune; when Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites eulogized him as no other artist was ever praised before. Not only admiration and profit and honor grew thickly about his

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path, but also the warmest personal interest and sympathy, in words and in deeds.

It is not that the intense near light of the critical nineteenth century has made his wrong-headedness so clear, and exhibited the commercial pettiness of his dealings so unreservedly, that he thus stands at a disadvantage before his age. In the same light Overbeck appears as a new Fra Angelico, Millais as a chivalrous pioneer in new fields of art, and Allston as a lofty-souled Christian gentleman, never discrediting his sweet and refined culture. But Turner, without his pencil, is almost a Thersites; with it, he is an Apollo.

Unfortunate in the traits which he inherited from his parents, and equally so in his defective education, poor Turner was handicapped before he had fairly entered the race, and his ignoble traits were suffered to gain the mastery. Whatever may have been his ruling motive, his life was devoted to a ceaseless drudgery on behalf of art, and its consummation was radiant with success. Though wealth and honors flowed in like a river, he was unhappy, solitary, and by his own election narrow. This

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rare coiner of sunsets and master of the waves was locked within himself by a perverse spirit, and could not feel the rapture of an empire's applause, though it swelled and surged about him. For his glowing works (while they last) we may cherish the loftiest enthusiasm; for the man himself, *guarda e passa.*

Ruskin thus illuminates his friend's character: "He had a heart as intensely kind and as nobly true as God ever gave to one of his creatures. . . . Having known Turner for ten years, and that during the period of his life when the highest qualities of his mind were in many respects diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil-speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man or man's work. I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look. I never saw him let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance or endeavor at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner whom I have ever known could I say this; and of this kindness and truth came, I repeat, all his highest power; and all his failure and error, deep and strange, came of his *faithlessness.*"

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From his earliest days, when he had painted in rigid seclusion in his little bedroom, Turner always worked alone, refusing to be watched, and locking the door of his painting-room. He concealed the methods by which he gained such breadth and depth in water-colors; yet revealed all his processes to a struggling artist at Edinburgh, at a time when some of his secrets had a great value.

Mr. Gillott, the great pen-maker, once forced an entrance to the studio in Queen Anne Street, pushing the irate housekeeper aside, and meeting the amazed artist's first attack with the announcement that he had come to buy pictures. When Turner gruffly declined to treat with him, he calmly rejoined: "Have you ever seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" To which the answer came: "Never 'eard of 'em." Gillott drew from his pocket a packet of Birmingham bank-notes, amounting to about £5,000, and showed them. "Mere paper," growled the artist. "To be bartered for *mere* canvas," rejoined the pen-maker. "You 're a rum fellow," answered Turner, beginning to appreciate his practical visitor. And the negotia-

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tions which ensued resulted in the exchange of the £5,000 for several of the pictures in the studio.

Britton once gained entrance to the painting-room, ostensibly to see about some drawings for the Earl of Essex, but really to spy out the secrets of the jealously-guarded den. Turner covered his works instantly, and when the visitor said, "I 've come to see the drawings for the Earl," he answered, "You shan't see 'em." "Is that the answer I am to take back to his Lordship?" said Britton. "Yes," answered Turner; "and mind that next time you come through the shop, and not up the back way. I allow no one to come here." At other times he was annoyed by people who came to watch him while sketching, and he circumvented such spectators by hiring a post-chaise, and drawing from its window.

The element of mysteriousness which he sought to convey into the commonest events of life was a fruitful cause of annoyance and misunderstanding. About his age he was very secretive, and given to misleading inquirers, sometimes bluntly asserting that he was born

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in the same year as Napoleon, and again setting other times. One of his old chums said to him: "William, your birthday can't be far off; when is it? I want to drink a glass of wine to my old friend." To which the master growled: "Ah! never mind that; leave your old friend alone." When about to depart on his Continental tours, he stole away like a runaway cashier, and concealed all his tracks abroad. Even in the titles of his pictures he endeavored to puzzle and tease the public, as he also effected by their impenetrable hazes and incomprehensible backgrounds.

Turner was undeniably suspicious and sensitive to the last degree; but he considered his fame and fortune as the property of England, and watched their increase with jealous care. His professional rivals, the legacy-hunters, and the chatterers of the clubs were making common cause against him, and he manfully opposed them, alone. The cumbersome and obscure drollery in which he delighted was often misinterpreted as meanness or malice; and it must be acknowledged that many of his recorded jokes require an ingenious commentator to make them either good or bad.

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Some of his quaint remarks are well worth quoting. When touching the proof of the engraving of Wickliffe's birth-place, he introduced a broad burst of light, saying, "That is the place where Wickliffe was born, and there is the light of the glorious Reformation." "But why do you have those fluttering geese in the foreground?" queried a critic. He replied, "Oh, those — those are the old superstitions which the light of the Reformation is driving away!" Mrs. Austin once said to him: "I find, Mr. Turner, that in copying one of your paintings touches of red, blue, and yellow appear all through the work." To which he answered: "Well, don't you see that yourself in Nature? Because if you don't, Heaven help you!" When they were proposing to have frescoes in the new Parliament House, he objected, saying that "Painting can never show her nose in company with Architecture without being snubbed."

The intense assiduity of the master was one of the leading characteristics of his life, and accounts for the great number of works which he executed. He often asked his brother-

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artists if they ever saw the sun rise, and felt grieved when he knew of their wasting time, such profound respect had he for the profession. Yet he said that art was the most wretched calling to which a man could turn, and advised people against it in his letters; professing that if he was about to begin life again he would be an architect. Doubtless his architecture would have been classic, for he had no affection for the Gothic. Old Mrs. Danby said that he used to rise at four in the morning, and set to work, adding, "I never saw him idle."

Turner's housekeeper used to arrange his palette, which was a plain, square bit of wood, with a hole for the thumb. He did not grind colors, but rubbed dry colors on the palette, with cold-drawn oil. Every day a new set of colors was mixed, and if they did not suit he said to Mrs. Danby, "Can't you set a palette better than this?" Among the colors found in the studio after his death were ultramarine, cobalt, smalt, verditer, flake white, blanc d'argent, chrome yellow, raw umber and other dark earths, gamboge mixed with cold-drawn

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linseed-oil, rose madder mixed with wax, and tar, magilp, spirit varnish, etc. His brushes were very short, round and flat, of hog's bristles, with long sables for rigging and other délicate lines, and in his earlier days camel's hair for oil-paintings.

Turner rarely sketched in oil, because he usually made the colors too brown. His choice was to sketch with the pencil, writing in the various colors and effects. Many of his outlines were undecipherable to any one but himself, as he used to boast. Turner disliked to draw with a pen, because it would sometimes splutter. He held that it was dangerous to mix oils with water-colors, yet did so freely in his later years. In order to mark the faults of a picture, he used to stick wafers on them. One vigilant and candid observer says that "he preferred to spit in his powder colors." He never used a mahl-stick, so sure and decided was his touch; and his sketching materials were very rude, often consisting of brushes worn away to single hairs.

His out-door sketches were made quickly, and the details were usually added afterwards in his chamber, since he had a horror of too much

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precision, or, as he expressed it, of "being too mappy." He was careful to carry a sponge on his excursions, to aid him in forming misty and aerial effects. He avoided rhapsodies about scenery, but sat apart from comrades, and worked with silent and absorbed concentration. "If you are out sketching, and feel at a loss," said he, "you have only to turn round or walk a few paces farther, and you have what you want before you." When Munro made a characterless sketch, he abruptly remarked: "What are you *in search of?*" And to another, who had omitted a spire in drawing a village, on the plea of lack of time, he said: "You should take a subject more suited to your capacity."

The following quotation from Ruskin states a fact which will, perhaps, be new to most observers: "Every quarter of an inch of Turner's drawings will bear magnifying; and much of the finer work in them can hardly be traced, except by the keenest sight, until it is magnified. In his painting of 'Ivy Bridge,' the veins are drawn on the wing of a butterfly not three lines in diameter; and I have one of his smaller drawings of 'Scarborough' in my own pos-

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session in which the mussel shells on the beach are rounded, and some shown as shut, some as open, though none are as large as the letters of this type; and yet this is the man who was thought to belong to the 'dashing' school, literally because most people had not patience or delicacy of sight enough to trace his endless details." But Redgrave — a calmer critic — speaks of Turner's "too great generalization," and argues that the implements which he used were "quite incompatible with minute completion."

Turner's extraordinary rapidity and memory are thus illustrated by Ruskin: "There is a drawing in Mr. Fawkes's collection of a man-of-war taking in stores, ... her bows towards the spectator, seen in sharp perspective from stem to stern, with all her port-holes, guns, anchors, and lower rigging elaborately detailed. There are two ships of the line in the middle distance, drawn with equal precision, a noble breezy sea dancing against their broad bows, full of delicate drawing in its waves; a store-ship beneath the hull of the larger vessel, and several other boats, and a complicated,

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cloudy sky. It might appear no small exertion of mind to draw the detail of all this shipping, down to the smallest ropes, from memory, in the drawing-room of a mansion in the middle of Yorkshire, even if considerable time had been given for the effort. . . . . Turner took a piece of blank paper one morning after breakfast, outlined his ships, finished the drawing in three hours, and went out to shoot."

The master never adhered to any method of coloring very long, and hoped to find a better one than his own, holding that the old masters excelled in this regard. In his later years he availed himself extensively of body colors. His skies were often worked over many times, cobalt being used liberally, though at Jones's suggestion he adopted Prussian blue, and smalt was also found on his palette. He said that yellow was his favorite color, "because pictures want color." "Bring me back some Naples yellow," he said to a friend, who asked him what he could do for him in Italy. In his later works he used the quick-drying copal varnish, to the great damage of the pictures; and made others half in distemper, which disappeared

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under the sponges of the restorers. Dangerous vegetable colors and uncertain vehicles were also employed, so that his skies cracked and darkened, and the pictures rapidly deteriorated. One of the most careful students of his works has expressed a fear that subsequent ages will have to turn to the *Liber Studiorum* as the only surviving monument of the master's genius.

He had a mortal horror of the cheap sale of his pictures, believing that his reputation would thus be injured. He usually attended (or sent agents to) the sales at which any of his works were to be put up, in order to bid them in if the prices were low. When Green's collection was sold at auction, the Turner pictures were eagerly bidden for by a red-cheeked and white-aproned butcher's boy, who ran them up five guineas at a time. The auctioneer called this lad forward, doubtless to rebuke him, but he pulled from his pocket an order from Turner himself, with instructions how to bid. When Robinson offered the master 800 guineas each for two pictures which he held at £1,000 each, he cried out in fury: "No! I'd rather keep them for my winding-sheet."

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Turner would never verify pictures attributed to him, because, having done so once, he was placed in the witness-box in a trial. "It was the first, and it shall be the last time," he said. He even refused to certify a picture for Mr. Drake, the solicitor for the South Western Railway, which had recently paid him £550 for a half acre of land at Twickenham, saying, "If Mr. Drake has purchased a Turner, he ought to know it as a Turner."

He rarely gave away pictures, holding to the principle that men do not value things which have cost them nothing; and many queer stories are told of the artifices which were played against him, in order to get drawings and sketches. He left letters unopened on his table for months, growling that "they only want my autograph."

Attempts to pirate his designs excited Turner's hot wrath. When he detected some one making memoranda of the pictures in his gallery, he marched him out in double-quick time; and having found that Owen had been imitating him, he wrote and demanded that he should thenceforth draw from his own resources, and not from him.

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Turner maintained that artists should paint only for judges, and that public opinion was totally valueless. He was wounded almost to tears by the harsh criticisms of the newspapers, although holding them as of but little value or importance. He was also deeply grieved by the neglect shown to his exhibited pictures, and pointing to a stack of them in his gallery said: "Don't talk about 'em; they all came back. They might have had 'em; now they shan't have 'em."

The art of engraving had made rapid advances from the days of Faithorne and the reign of the Stuarts to the era of Boydell's magnificent patronage, and was at this time highly favored by the popular taste for topographical works. In connection with this class of books Turner received his first important commissions, and executed his most popular works. Herein he found the main source of his wealth, and not in the better known paintings. He was scrupulous about the most minute particulars, lest errors should creep in, either through his fault or that of the engravers; and Thornbury gives several of his letters about certain

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engravings, showing his almost painful care over all the details. His favorite engraver was Mr. F. Millar, of Edinburgh.

Turner was strongly opposed to steel engravings, and other processes of cheapening and popularizing art. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the great portrait-painter, once said: "By the way, Turner, I wonder you don't have some of your drawings engraved on steel." "Humph! I hate steel." "But why?" asked Sir Thomas. "I don't like it. Besides, I don't choose to be a basket engraver." "A basket engraver! A basket engraver, Turner! What is that?" Looking at Lawrence with twinkling and mischievous eyes, the master said: "When I got off the coach t' other day at Hastings, a woman came up with a basketful of your 'Mrs. Peel,' and wanted to sell me one for sixpence."

The engravers all believed that Turner cherished a deep dislike to them, and were continually quarreling with him about proofs. They were also annoyed by the vagueness of his drawings, which necessitated vexatious corrections. In engraving one of the Venetian sketches, so obscure were the marks that they

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made his ships into houses, in perfect good faith, and the print so appeared.

Turner's expenditures were indeed small, and his style of living was humble, but it was such as he had been educated to, and which he best enjoyed. He had the means of living as richly as Reynolds or Millais, but his tastes were opposed to such a career, and he preferred to place all his time and energy at the service of art, and to save his money for higher purposes than dilettants' dinners and splendid receptions. His whole heart was in the studio, and he would not waste time on society or in conciliating patrons and critics.

When the Scottish artist, Thomson of Duddingston, came to visit London, Turner invited him to dinner; but before the feast came off, Thomson was asked to dine by a nobleman, who also included Turner. When the Scotchman came down to invite his friend, Turner hesitatingly said: "Well, if I must, I s'pose I must, but" — at which his father, who had been listening, and dreaded lest he should decide to dine at home, opened the door, and ex-

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claimed: "Go, Billy! go! The mutton need n't be cooked, Billy!"

When a large party of artists had finished a white-bait and champagne supper at Blackwall, the jovial Chantrey, who presided, mischievously handed the bill to Turner. To the surprise of the company, he took the bill, and went out forthwith and paid it from his own purse. Frequently he served parties of his companions in the same way, and Leslie says that "at the dinner-table no one was more gay and joyous."

The master's eccentricity often manifested itself in a manner unpleasant to his traveling companions. Once he met an English artist on the Moselle, and invited him to a handsome dinner, where the two fraternized with enthusiasm. The next morning, when the guest arose and asked for Turner, the landlord said: "He left for good at five o'clock this morning, and said you would settle both bills." Turner met John Murray, the publisher, in the Tyrol, and after some days of intimacy left at sunrise, one morning, without a word of farewell.

As a fisherman, Turner exhibited the same hearty earnestness and persevering patience

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which characterized his art, and even his poetry-making. He rarely went out of the city without his rod, and no bad weather nor continuous ill-luck could turn him from his purpose. For half-days at a time he would sit in a chair by the Brentford carp-pond or the lake at Petworth, holding an umbrella in one hand and a fishing-rod in the other, with unyielding fortitude, quietly watching the ripples and eddies, and the water-plants by the bank. He was very tender with the fish which were too small for eating, and carefully put them back into the water. This considerateness towards the lower forms of life was also extended to domestic animals, and was reciprocated by their love.

He usually performed acts of kindness in a deprecating and shamefaced manner, as if averse to the appearance of helpfulness. "Let me try your paper; I have n't any that I like," said he to Munro, when the latter was vainly trying to make a colored sketch, at St. Martin's Bridge. In an hour or two he returned, and threw the book down, grumbling, "I can't make anything of your paper." But Munro found that he had

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executed three sketches in it, showing the progress of coloring from beginning to end, and clearing up his perplexities.

Instances of Turner's furtive generosity and unostentatious charity are stretched through many pages of Thornbury's work, and show that his life, so often considered altogether cold and miserly, was studded with fair deeds. It was found when he died that no rent had been paid by the occupants of some of his houses for several years, and his lawyer stated that Turner had forbidden him to molest them. He once drove an importunate begging woman from his house, but suddenly relented, and running out gave her a £5 note. He lent considerable sums of money to the needy widow of a drawing-master, and when she finally came to repay them he refused to hear her, keeping his hands in his pockets, and bidding her to spend the money in educating her children. He heard that one of the kindest patrons of his youthful days was so greatly embarrassed that he was about to sacrifice the stately forests on his domain, upon which Turner advanced £20,000 to the gentleman's steward to relieve him from

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trouble, enjoining him to conceal the name of the helper. Years later the estate was so far restored that its owner repaid the loan, through his steward, although he never found out who his benefactor was.

When young Bird sent one of his first pictures to the Academy, and it was about to be returned because no place could be found for it on the walls of the exhibition rooms, Turner took down one of his own paintings and hung Bird's in its place.

When Wilkie, Turner, and Constable were together at Sir Thomas Lawrence's funeral, the former remarked, "Turner, that 's a fine effect!" at which the latter turned away in disgust. He afterwards wrote, concerning this funeral: "It is something to feel that gifted talent can be acknowledged by the many who yesterday waded up to their knees in snow and muck to see the funeral pomp." Turner also painted a picture (from memory) of the funeral scene. He had been a warm friend of Lawrence, as well as of Fuseli and Flaxman.

With all Turner's unamiable traits, he was not a cynic nor an ascetic, but heartily enjoyed

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his water excursions in company, his fishing and hunting parties, and the intimate friendship of Egremont, Harewood, Jones, Trimmer, Ruskin, and other gentlemen of rank and culture. His manners were blunt and straightforward, but not coarse; and Lupton, the engraver, says that he was animated and witty in conversation, and quick in reply. He was a member of the coterie of artists who used to meet at General Phipps's dinner-parties, where Etty, Constable, Calcott, Collins, Mulready, Wilkie, and Chantrey were often found. He was also a frequent guest with Windus, at Tottenham; Woodburn, at Hendon; and the Carrick-Moores, at their town and country residences.

Mr. Roberts bears the following important testimony: "That he was not the recluse Ruskin has pictured him is *well known to all who knew anything about him*, for he loved the society of his brother-painters, and was in reality 'a jolly toper,' never missing a night at the meetings of the Royal Academy Club, usually then held at the 'Thatched House;' and, as a proof that he loved them and these jolly parties, he *willed* that £50 annually should be spent expressly for that purpose on his birthday."

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Lord Egremont's mansion at Petworth was a welcome shelter for Turner, as it had also been for Van Dyck and Allston; and no British nobleman was so often honored by the great master's visit as was the rugged old Egremont. The Academician Jones and the sculptor Chantrey often sojourned there at the same time, and the three artists rambled together through the vast park (fourteen miles in circuit), or angled in the pretty little lake. The latter was a favorite resort of Turner, who passed many hours there, with fishing-rod in hand, watching the fawns, and ducks, and birds. The long, white, commonplace building of Petworth House contains noble white and gold rooms, marble halls, frescoed stairways, marvelous carved works, and a gallery which is rich in old paintings and statuary. Beside the Van Dycks and Holbeins, the Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses, a dozen or more of Turner's pictures hold a worthy position. They are for the most part quiet inland scenes, in and near the valley of the Thames, with one breezy marine, and the 'Jessica,' that blunder of the master's which irreverent critics called 'The Mustard Pot.' Turner was once

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fishing in the lake with Carew, when the latter, in his frank Irish way, said: "Turner, they tell me you 're rich." "Am I?" chuckled the artist. "Yes; everybody says so," rejoined Carew. To whom Turner made reply: "Ah! I would give it all up to be twenty years of age again."

His quaint disputes with Lord Egremont are still remembered. Once they waxed so hot over the question as to whether there were six or seven windows in the front of a neighboring house, that the Earl ordered his post-chaise and took his guest out to prove his error. Again, they had a sharp discussion over Turner's assertion that carrots floated on water, which was ended in favor of the artist when a servant was ordered in with a bucket of water and a handful of carrots.

He used to rise, while at Petworth, in the gray of the morning, and do several hours of work before the other guests were about, with his door locked; and no one was allowed to enter the painting-room except Lord Egremont, who gave a signal by two sharp raps. The mischievous Chantrey once got in by imitating the Earl's peculiar step and cough, and his knocks,

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and slipping in before the door could be re-locked.

Chantrey, the fat and jolly old sculptor, was one of Turner's best friends, an intimate companion of his excursions and dinners. George Jones says: "I well remember the morning after Chantrey's death, that he came to the house of our deceased friend. He asked for me, and I went to him, when he wrung my hands, tears streaming from his eyes, and then rushed from the house without uttering a word." When any of his friends were sick, the master was filled with solicitude, and watched them like a tender nurse. Jones injured his leg at Petworth, and was tended by Turner with womanly care and unwearied assiduity, until he fully recovered. When the son of Charles Turner, the engraver, was ill unto death, the master visited the house daily to inquire as to his condition, but would never leave his name, and afterwards the servant told how a short gentleman, of odd manners, had called every evening, with constant solicitude.

Chantrey was not only Turner's friend and admirer, but also became one of his most vigorous

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champions against the thousand enemies about his path. He by no means understood what the master was at, nor could he quite comprehend the vague splendor of many of his friend's pictures, yet he ever held lance in rest against the anti-Turnerians. These two eminent Academicians were both born of the people, both enthusiastic fishermen, and enjoyers of landscape painting. Chantrey, as well as Jones and Shee, were always anxious while Turner was away on his mysterious and unreported continental expeditions, and hailed his return with joy.

George Jones, R. A., was one of Turner's dearest friends, and was always addressed by him as "Georgie," or "Joney." Jones says that the master liked him because he never attempted to influence his customs or to hunt out his secrets; and adds: "I never knew him to speak ill of any one." When Jones told Turner that he was going to paint an upright panel-picture of 'The Fiery Furnace,' the latter asked him to order two panels, and executed a similar picture himself, in pure fun. Both the 'Furnaces' were exhibited at the same time, and were in perfect sympathy, though neither artist

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had seen the other's work. In like manner they both painted the burial of Sir David Wilkie, at the same time.

Our artist was intimate with the Irish poet, Tom Moore, who tells of having been at a small dinner-party with the Academician, and proposing to him to make a series of drawings of Bowood, Farley Castle, and other interesting localities about Moore's home. Turner broke in with: "But Ireland, Mr. Moore, Ireland! There 's the region connected with your name. Why not illustrate the whole life? I have often longed to go to that country, but am, I confess, afraid to venture myself there. Under the wing of Thomas Moore, however, I should be safe."

Turner was on the most intimate terms with Samuel Rogers, the poet, who admired his works in a vague way. Looking at one of his pictures, through telescoped hands, Rogers once expressed himself in a manner which has often been echoed: "Ah! there 's a beautiful thing; and the figures, too — one of them with his hand on the horse's tail — not that I can make them out, though." He manifested his wonder at a handsome table in Turner's parlor, and added:

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"But how much more wonderful it would be to see any of his friends sitting around it."

The varnishing days were full of mirth in the Academy galleries, and our painter was one of the merriest of the assembled artists. Once Mulready likened one of Turner's cows to the dough pigs with currants in their eyes, which are sold to country children, and the master chuckled for hours over this hit at his expense. Turner used to come, on varnishing-days, with a dirty color-box and worn-out brushes, and perch himself on old cases and steps, while he gave the final touches to his pictures, nodding the while under the brown sherry, of which he usually took too much. At the convivial Academy lunches he was the soul of the company, and he sternly resisted the proposals for their abolition. When Constable's 'Waterloo Bridge' was hung beside one of Turner's gray sea-pieces, and with its profuse gold and vermilion outshone its sober neighbor, the master dashed a fiery blot of red lead into the centre of his dark sea, and made Constable's work pale in comparison. "He has been here," said Constable, in dismay, "and fired off a gun." Just before the Exhibition

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opened Turner glazed the scarlet splash, and formed it into a buoy. The 'Waterloo Bridge' was checkmated, and the whole plan of the misty marine view was changed, without loss. It is said that all the Academicians once gathered around one of Turner's new pictures, to debate what it was meant to represent. One thought it was 'Moonlight,' and another argued that it was 'A Storm;' but Howard thought it must be 'An Allegory,' and Fuseli added: "Yes, the allegorie of Blazes at a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, wid molten lead." "No," said Turner, who had just entered: "that's Limbo; where they are going to send your 'Sin and Death'" (one of Fuseli's best pictures).

On one of these days Jones had a bright picture of Ghent hung next to a Venetian view by Turner. "Why, Joney, how blue your sky is! But I'll outblue you," said the latter, and scumbled in a quantity of ultramarine on the sky of his Venice, chuckling, "I've done you now, Georgie." In his absence, Jones painted the sky of his Ghent a blank white, which acted as a foil on the other, and made it appear absurdly blue. "Well, Joney," said Turner, when

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he saw it, "You 've done me now; but it must go." Vernon paid 200 guineas for this picture, which was so sketchy and fragmentary that its painter said: "If they will have scraps they must pay for them."

At another time Chantrey came up to one of the new pictures, brilliant with orange chrome, and, pretending to warm his hands at it, said: "Why, Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. By the by, is it true, as I have heard, that you 've got a commission at last to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?"

Mr. Leslie says that it would almost have broken Turner's heart if the varnishing days had been abolished in his time (as they afterwards were, for several years). When this measure was first broached, he said: "Then you will do away with the only social meetings we have, the only occasions on which we all come together in an easy and unrestrained manner. When we have no varnishing days we shall not know one another."

Northcote was angry because one of Turner's brilliant pictures was hung below a painting of his own, and said: "You might as well have

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opened a window under my picture." Another artist said of Turner's pictures, in similar metaphor: "They seem to represent so many holes cut in the wall, through which you see Nature."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Turner's Verses. — Evening Diversions. — Hiding at Chelsea. — The Lonely Death. — The Broken Will. — The Bequests.

TURNER had an intense desire to write poetry, and struggled heroically to achieve this task, so impossible to him. His sketch-books are dotted here and there with weak and inharmonious lines, which are usually as devoid of sense and continuity as of rhythm and music, and are as defective in sense as in orthography. Sometimes he vaguely imitates Pope, or Thomson, or Crabbe, and again he shows a baldness of thought and a voidness of melody which were purely original; and only rarely appears a resounding line or a brilliant phrase. Ignorant of the simplest laws of metre, he was equally unable to appreciate the need of continuity, and so rattled on from one inchoate thought to another, giving but the merest driftwood and the vaguest suggestions of ideas. Thornbury has printed a poem of nearly 500 lines, written

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by Turner, in a singular disjected manner, introducing descriptions of twine-bearing Bridport, the Portland quarries, Corfe Castle, and other localities and scenes, without connection or completeness. It has been said that "it reads like an attempt at a rhymed gazetteer of England, or a new *Polyolbion*."

"The Fallacies of Hope" was the title of a manuscript poem from which Turner made frequent quotations, attached to his pictures. Perhaps there never was any more of this poem than the fragments which he thus made public, but he loved to mystify people, and enjoyed the rumors which circulated abroad about "The Fallacies." "Punch" published numerous clever parodies on the extracts from this poem, which made the unfortunate artist wince. He was fond of talking about poetry, and often attached apt quotations from the poets to the titles of his exhibition-pictures.

In his later time the master was anxious to gain a fund of general knowledge, and read all the best books and magazines of the day. He was also a close student of the "Edinburgh Review," which was then in the height of its fame.

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The shyness of his early days wore off perceptibly, and he became a social and amusing club man, not afraid to converse even with ladies.

At certain periods Turner attended the theatre with great regularity, being an admirer of Shakespeare and Macready. In his later years he spent most of his evenings at the Academy, to which he was heartily devoted. Sometimes he used to venture a little money at cards. In politics he was a Tory, but ardently sympathized with the Hungarians and other struggling peoples of Europe.

During his long decline Turner kept up his inspiration on brown sherry, and often received visitors while half dizzy with this favorite beverage. He used to take a bottle of gin when he went out on river excursions at Sunbury, and the gray old boatmen there refused to believe that he was a genius, because he never gave them anything from the bottle. In later years he was always present at the Athenæum Club, between ten and eleven o'clock, dogmatic and loquacious over his half pint of sherry. He also frequented the tavern called the Yorkshire Stingo, until he was recognized there by

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a friend; and was sometimes seen under the weather at other too hospitable inns. A fellow-artist once met him at an out-of-the-way public-house, and cheerily said: "I did not know that you used this place; I shall often drop in, now I know where you quarter." "Will you?" growled the venerable master: "I don't think you will." He then emptied his glass, and went out of the house, to return no more. A friend once met him on the Chelsea steamboat, fresh and neat as if just from home, and began to question him about his residence, asking if it was near. Pointing to the gentleman's little son, Turner ignored the questions by saying: "Is that your boy?"

Another phase of the master's life is thus lightly touched upon by David Roberts: "I and others knew that he had another home besides Queen Anne Street, but delicacy forbade us prying farther. We all knew that whoever he lived with took great care of him, for he was not only better dressed, but more cleanly and tidy, than in former years." Thornbury adds: "Towards the end of his career, he would, I am assured on the best authority, paint hard all the

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week till Saturday night; and he would then put by his work, slip a £5 note into his pocket, button it up securely there, and set off to some low sailors' house in Wapping or Rotherhithe, to wallow till Monday morning summoned him to mope through another week." He left four natural children.

When Sir Martin Shee died, it is supposed that Turner aspired to succeed to his place as President of the Royal Academy. But he was not chosen, on account of his inaptness in business affairs, inability to make speeches, eccentric ideas, and disposition to dictate to the younger members. It is intimated that he was also disappointed at not receiving the distinction of knighthood, when Calcott and other inferior artists were thus honored. The indifference with which the nobles regarded the Maiden-Lane artist was shared by the sovereigns of England, none of whom took the least notice of him.

Turner was an enthusiastic collector of topographical sketches, from naval men, travelers, and others who had been much abroad. He never wearied at descriptions or pictures of Ni-

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agara, which he regarded as "the greatest wonder in Nature;" and made the most minute inquiries about its various aspects, the rainbow, the cliffs, and other features.

He rarely praised other artists, except Stothard, the painter of Arcadian grace and simplicity; yet he equally abstained from detraction and disparagement. Flaxman was another artist who was greatly appreciated by him; and he regarded Pyne as highly poetical. At times he imitated Morland, De Loutherbourg, Wilson, and Reynolds, but carefully eschewed West and Fuseli. After lovingly copying Stothard's manner, Turner once said: "I only wish he thought as much of my works as I think of his. I consider him the Giotto of the English school."

He greatly admired some of Poussin's pictures, and held himself as inferior to Gainsborough and Wilson. Of Van de Velde, he said: "I can't paint like him;" and when looking at one of Cuyp's pictures, filled with luminous and golden sherry-brown color, he said: "I would give a thousand pounds to have painted that." Titian was his especial delight, and he even ventured to compete with him in the 'Venus

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and Adonis.' He had a poor opinion of the contemporary painters of the Continent, and said that art at Rome was at its lowest ebb. The works of Harding and of Copley Fielding had no value in his eyes ; and Etty's faces were thoroughly disagreeable to him.

Field sent a copy of his "Chromatics" to Turner, and asked his opinion of it. "You have not told us too much," was the dry answer. He held that the book was fallacious, because colors were not reducible to scientific rules ; and on the other hand Field maintained that Turner's most extravagant compositions were harmonious, showing nature in a high key, as when seen through a prism, and producing inimitable effects with little effort.

When the Great Exhibition opened, in 1851, Turner left orders with his housekeeper that no one should be admitted to see his pictures. For twenty years the rain had been streaming in upon them through the leaky old roof of his gallery, and many of them were hopelessly wrecked. During these late years Turner frequently left his house for months at a time, and secreted himself in some distant quarter or sub-

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urb of the city, taking great care that he should not be followed or known.

He sent no pictures to the Exhibition of 1851; and the people who saw him in the gallery hardly recognized the broken and decrepit old man. At last his prolonged absence from the Academy meetings alarmed his friends, and Roberts wrote to him, begging to know if he was ill, and asking permission to come and see him. A fortnight later he appeared at Roberts's studio, and said: "You must not ask me where I am; but whenever I come to town I will always come to see you." When Roberts tried to cheer him up, he laid his hand on his heart, and moaned: "No, no; there is something here which is all wrong." Jones and Roberts were the last of his intimate friends who saw him alive.

But although none of his fellow-artists and brother Academicians, none of his titled friends and gentlemen patrons, cared to seek out the abiding-place of the dying master, there was one faithful and humble soul who tracked him to his new home, and that was the withered old crone who had for so many years been his housekeeper.

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Deeply troubled by his prolonged absence, and certain that he was ill, she followed out every clew, and at last, taking the hint of a letter which she found in one of his old coats, she went to Chelsea, and after a careful reconnoissance found his whereabouts. Hurrying to London, she informed a relative and Mr. Harpur, the latter of whom hastened out, and found the great artist fast sinking, with but one day more of life.

The usually received version of Turner's last mysterious escapade runs thus: He felt the need of purer air than that of dingy Queen Anne Street, and went out to Chelsea, where he found an eligible little cottage by the side of the river, with a railed-in roof whence he could observe the sky. The landlady demanded references from the shabby old man, and he angrily replied: "My good woman, I 'll buy the house outright." This matter having been arranged, she demanded his name. "In case, sir, any gentleman should call, you know." "Name?" said he: "What 's *your* name." "My name is Mrs. Booth." "Then I 'm Mr. Booth." And so he was known, the boys along the river-side calling him "Puggy Booth," and

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the tradesmen, "Admiral Booth," the theory being that he was an old admiral in reduced circumstances.

In a low-studded attic room, poorly furnished, and with a single roof-window, the great artist lay in his mortal sickness. He sent for his favorite doctor, from Margate, who frankly told him that death was close at hand. "Go down stairs," exclaimed Turner, "take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again." But even this stimulant had no effect on the skillful judgment of the physician, who reiterated his previous verdict. About an hour before he died Mrs. Booth wheeled the sick man to the window, where he took one last long and lingering look at the beloved Thames, bathed in sunshine and dotted with white-sailed boats.

Up to the moment of his last sickness the lonely old man would rise at daybreak, nearly every morning, and mount to the roof of the cottage, where, with sublime affection, he watched the sunrise, and the brilliant flush of the morning sky, while the chiming ripples of the Thames brought back to his mind the memories of his youthful days and his manhood's triumphs. In

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the last supreme moment, when death was settling in the master's cold limbs, Phœbus tenderly caressed his peerless court-painter, when the bright winter sun shone in, full upon the chilling face of Turner.

The funeral, from the house in Queen Anne Street, was an imposing one, attended by a long line of carriages, and conducted with all the splendor of the Anglican ritual, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Jones, Munro, Griffiths, Harpur, and other friends were present; and the artists were represented by Maclise, Fielding, Landseer, Mulready, Leslie, Eastlake, Stanfield, Barry, Westmacott, and many others. The faithful old housekeeper also followed her master's remains to the grave. Dean Milman read the service, and at its conclusion the coffin was borne into the catacombs, where the remains of the great artist were buried between the tombs of James Barry and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Turner's will was a sadly confused and vague document, which Thornbury calls, in the classic language of the London clubs, "an extraordinary mash of grammar." Successive codicils during the twenty years after the will was writ-

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ten still further obscured the meaning of some sections, but the main facts were clear, — namely, that his pictures were to be allotted to the National Gallery, and his other property and funds to "Turner's Gift." There were minor bequests to Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Danby, and some of his uncles and cousins; £1,000 for a monument to himself in St. Paul's; and funds towards endowing a professorship of landscape at the Academy, and a medal for the best landscape pictures. The estate was sworn as under £140,000.

But the self-denials and painful economies of Turner's weary life were rendered nugatory, so far as benefiting the artists of England was concerned, by the rapacity of his forgotten and ignoble relatives, who hastened to contest the will. It was first argued that the master was of unsound mind, and when this plea was overturned, the lawyers maintained that the will was so confused and incoherent as to be incomprehensible, and hence, necessarily, void, so that the property must pass to the next of kin. The contest at law continued for four years, while the estate was being devoured rapidly by bills of costs and

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lawyers' fees. In 1856 a compromise was effected, giving the real estate to the heir-at-law, the pictures and drawings to the National Gallery, £1,000 for a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, and £20,000 to the Royal Academy, — the remainder to be divided amongst the next of kin.

The Turner Fund, as now administered by the Royal Academy, gives an annuity of £50 each to six poor and broken-down artists, not members of the Academy.

The superb gift of Turner to the British nation includes 98 finished paintings, and 270 pictures in various stages of progress. 247 of his note and sketch books, with from 50 to 90 pages each, drawn on both sides, are now preserved in the British Museum.

Ruskin was delegated to arrange and classify the Turner drawings, and divided them into three classes, — finished water-color drawings, 135 in number, including 57 to illustrate Rogers's poems, 45 of the rivers of France, and 23 of the harbors and rivers of England; light sketches and fragments in color, 1,757 in number; and pencil or pen-and-ink sketches, of more definite

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character, including 50 drawings for the *Liber Studiorum*, and many other large folio drawings. Ruskin found more than 19,000 sketches and fragments by the master's hand, many of them drawn on both sides, crumpled, blotted, mildewed, worm-eaten, and covered with the sooty dust of thirty years. In 1858 he published a series of notes on these drawings, containing some of his choicest criticisms and most hearty eulogies.

It was as Ruskin sadly said, in casting up the account between Turner and his countrymen: "*He* could only be left to his quiet death at Chelsea, — the sun upon his face; *they* to dispose a length of funeral through Ludgate, and bury, with threefold honor, his body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in Chancery." But the next generation, in Britain and America, has crowned with laurel both his monument and his works, and writes his name on the highest cliffs towards the sunrise, alongside those of Van de Velde, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine.

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A LIST OF THE

CHIEF PAINTINGS OF J. M. W. TURNER,

WITH THEIR DATES OF EXECUTION, AND THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS.

*** *The list of pictures bequeathed to the National Gallery is here given, and includes* 115 *canvases, among which are the master's noblest works. A few other collections are also spoken of; but the majority of Turner's paintings are not catalogued, since they belong to simple esquires and citizens, and are continually changing hands. The pictures in New York, and at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, are omitted here, for the same reason.*

LONDON.

South Kensington Museum, — The Sun rising in Mist, 1807; Dido building Carthage, 1815; Portrait of himself; Moonlight, 1797; Cattle in Water; Buttermere Lake, 1798; Morning on the Coniston Fells, 1798; Rizpah; Clapham Common; View in Wales, Harlech Castle, 1799; A Sea Piece; The Tenth Plague, 1802; Jason, 1808; Calais Pier; The Holy Family, 1803; Destruction of Sodom; View of a Town; The Shipwreck; The Garden of the Hesperides; A Blacksmith's Shop, 1807; The Death of Nelson; Spithead, 1809; The Garreteer's Petition, 1809; Greenwich Hospital; St. Mawes, Cornwall; Abingdon, Berkshire; Windsor, 1811; A Ruin, with Cat-

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tle; Apollo and the Python, 1811; The Avalanche; Hannibal crossing the Alps, 1812; Kingston Bank; Frosty Morning, 1813; The Deluge, 1813; Dido and Æneas, 1814; Apuleia in Search of Apuleius, 1814; Bligh Sand, 1815; Crossing the Brook, 1815; The Decline of Carthage, 1817; The Field of Waterloo, 1818; Orange Merchantman going to Pieces, 1819; Richmond Hill, 1819; Rome, from the Vatican, 1820; Rome, the Arch of Titus, 1826; The Bay of Baiæ, 1823; Carthage, 1828; Scene from Boccaccio, 1828; Ulysses deriding Polyphemus, 1829; The Loreto Necklace, 1829; Pilate washing his Hands, 1830; View of Orvieto, 1830; Caligula's Palace and Bridge, 1831; The Vision of Medea, 1831; Watteau Painting, 1831; Lord Percy under Attainder, 1831; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage — Italy, 1832; The Fiery Furnace, 1832; Heidelberg Castle; Regulus leaving Rome, 1837; Apollo and Daphne, 1837; Hero and Leander, 1837; Phryne going to the Bath, 1838; Agrippina, 1839; The Old *Témeraire* towed to her last Berth, 1839; Bacchus and Ariadne, 1840; The New Moon, 1840; Venice — the Bridge of Sighs, 1840; The Burial of Wilkie, 1842; War — the Exile and the Rock-Limpet, 1842; A Steamer in a Snow-Storm, 1842; The Morning after the Deluge — Light and Color, 1843; The Evening of the Deluge — Shade and Darkness, 1843; The Opening of the Walhalla, 1843; Approach to Venice, 1844; The *Sun of Venice* going to Sea, 1843; Port Ruysdael, 1844; Van Tromp, 1844; Rain, Steam, and Speed, 1844; Venice — The Giudecca, 1844; Venice — The Quay, 1844; Venice — Noon, 1845; Venice — Sunset; Venice — Going to the Ball, 1845; Venice — Returning from the Ball, 1845; Whalers, 1845; Whalers, 1845; Whalers boiling Blubber, 1846; Queen Mab's Grotto, 1846; Masaniello, 1846; The Angel in the Sun, 1846; Tapping the Furnace, 1847;

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Æneas relating his Story to Dido, 1850; Mercury sent to admonish Æneas, 1850; The Departure of the Trojan Fleet, 1850; The Visit to the Tomb, 1850; The Battle of Trafalgar; Richmond Bridge; Fire at Sea; Petworth Park, 1810; Chichester Canal; Mountain Glen; Harvest Home.

Farnley Hall (F. H. Fawkes, Esq.), — Lake of Geneva, from above Vevay, and looking towards the Valley of the Rhone, 1808–16; Pilot hailing a Smack, 1808–16; The *Victory* returning from Trafalgar, beating up Channel; Sunset on the Coast, with men-of-war at anchor, 1808–16; A Landscape; View of Dort, Holland, 1818; Rembrandt's Daughter, 1827; and several score of highly finished water-color paintings.

Petworth (Lord Leconfield), — The Thames at Eton; The Thames at Windsor; The Thames near Windsor; The Thames at Weybridge; Tabley House and Lake, Cheshire; Sea Piece — Indiaman and Man-of-War; Evening — Landscape with Cattle; Narcissus and Echo; Jessica; Merchant of Venice; Chichester Canal; The Chain Pier at Brighton; Petworth Park; The Lake in Petworth Park.

Lord Yarborough, — The Wreck of the *Minotaur*, on the Haak Sands in 1810; The Opening of the Vintage of Macon.

Charles Borrett (at London), — Embarkation of George IV.; Arch of Ancona; Venice; Wreck off Margate; Landing of Queen Adelaide; Coast View; Battle Abbey; Calais Pier; The Lisbon Earthquake; Falls of the River Dove; Swiss Cottage; Conway Castle; Dieppe Castle; The Alhambra; Highgate Church; The Wreckers; The Thames at Gravesend.

John Naylor, — Cologne, the arrival of a Packet-Boat;

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Now for the Painter; Dutch Fishing-Boats; Dieppe — Moonlight Scene on the Tyne; Mercury and Argus; Rockets and Blue Lights.

Late B. G. Windus, — Dawn of Christianity; Glaucus and Sylla.

John Hugh (Manchester), — The Grand Canal at Venice; The Mouth of the Maas; A Sea Piece.

Sir John T. Hippisley, — Folkestone; Scene on the Borders of Wales.

Late Munro Collection, — Cicero's Villa; Ancient Italy; The Green Buoy; Rotterdam; The Forum; The Avalanche; Modern Italy; Loch Katrine; Venice by Moonlight, with Illuminations; Venus and Adonis.

Late Bicknell Collection, — Calder Bridge; Campo Santo, at Venice, 1842; Venice, the Giudecca, 1841; Ehrenbreitstein, 1827; Wreckers on the Coast of Northumberland, 1834; Van Goyen looking for a Subject, Antwerp, 1883; Palestine, 1830; Port Ruysdael, 1827; Ivy Bridge, Devon; Briel, on the River Maas.

Late Gillott Collection, — Going to the Ball, Venice; Returning from the Ball, Venice; Calais Sands; Rosenau; Kilgarren Castle; Kilgarren, and the River; A Rocky River; On the Thames; The Source of Tamar; Patterdale; Powis Castle; Windermere; Brentburn Priory; Zurich; Hastings Beach; Heidelberg; Ehrenbreitstein; Bamborough Castle.

Greenwich Hospital, — The Battle of Trafalgar.

Soane Museum, — Van Tromp entering the Texel.

Bridgewater Gallery, — Fishermen endeavoring to put their Fish on Board.

Newton House, — View of Raby Castle.

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INDEX.

(*The Titles of Pictures are italicised.*)

Academician, A Royal, 36.
Academy, Enters Royal, The 16.
Apostle of Nature, An 107.

Baiæ, 75.
Beaumont, Sir George, 94.
Beginnings, The, 11.
Birthplace, 7, 53.
Bohn Browbeaten, 90.
Book Illustrating, 59, 127.
Brentford School, 13.
Bristol, 22.
Buying in Pictures, 125.

Calcott. Sir A. W., 108.
Campbell, Thomas, 88.
Carthage, 60.
Chantrey, 54, 62, 73, 130, 135, 137, 142.
Chelsea, 152.
Christening, 9.
Claude L'orraine, 36, 94.
Closing Scenes, 153.
Club-life, 146.
Cologne, 70.
Color-blindness, 103.
Constable, 94, 140.
Constable's Prophecy, 67.
Continental Tour, 38.
Critics, 127.
Cruel Fun, 107.
Cuyp, 149.

Daguerreotyping, 110.
Danby, Mrs., 49, 51, 120, 151.
Death, 154.
Deteriorating Pictures, 92, 125.
Devonshire, 8, 51.
Diligence, 63.
Disappearance, 151.
Disappointments in Love, 56.
Drawings, 154.
Dress, 101.

Eastlake, 53.
Economy, 129.
Edinburgh, 81.
Egremont, Lord, 135.
England and Wales, 71, 90.
Engraving, 127.
Evil Life, 147.

"Fallacies of Hope," 145.
Farnley Hall, 29.
Father, Turner's, 9, 35, 49, 70, 75.
Fawkes, 28.
Field's "Chromatics," 150.
Fishing, 130.
Fonthill, 35.
Furtive Generosity, 131.
Fuseli, 141.

Gallery, Turner, 49, 108.
German Critics, 90.
Gillot's Interview, 116.
Girtin, Tom, 14, 18.

Hammersmith, 46.
Hannibal crossing the Alps, 53.
Haydon, 37.
Home, 48.
Hyperbole, 112.

Implements, 120.
Inaccuracy, 65, 85.
Insight, 64.
Italy, 67, 89.

Jollity, 134.
Jones, George, 73, 137, 138, 141.

Kentish Rambles, 21.
Kindness, 115.

Later Pictures, 92, 102.
Lawrence's Funeral, 133.
Lawyers' Prey, The, 155.

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Lectures, 44.
Lennox, Mr. James, 95.
Liber Studiorum, 40.
London, Turner's, 12.
Louis Philippe, 57.
Love Unrequited, 31.

Maiden Lane, 7.
Malton's Teaching, 15.
Margate, 14, 31, 106.
Middle-Class Patrons, 93.
Minuteness, 122.
"Modern Painters," 103.
Moore, Tom, 139.
Mother, Turner's, 10.
Munro's Patronage, 17.
Mystery, Love of, 117.

Nation, Gift to the, 156.
Nasal Tastes, 96.
Norham Castle, 33.

Palette, Turner's, 120.
Pedestrian Tours, 20.
Periods, The Three, 63.
Personal Appearance, 100, 108.
Perversity, 114.
Petworth, 135.
Plymouth, 51.
Poetry, 144.
Polyphemus, 72.
Portraits, 20, 35, 99.
Professor of Perspective, 44.

Rapidity, 123.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 19.
Rhineland Sketches, 29.
"Rivers of France," 84.
Rogers, Samuel, 139.
Rogers's "Italy," 74, 82.
Rome, 72, 89.
Ruskin, 105, 156.

Sandby, Paul, 15.
Scotland, 66, 80.
Scott, Sir Walter, 80.
Secrecy, 116.
Sherry-drinking, 146.
Sketch-books, 38, 67, 121.
Slave Ship, The, 98.
Snow-Storm at Sea, 103.
Solemnity, 78.
Southern Coast, 56.
Stothard, 150.
Studio, Turner's, 50.
Swiss Scenes, 103, 109.

Teaching, 20, 23, 46.
Technical Unskillfulness, 92.
Témeraire, The Old, 97, 40.
Theatre-going, 146.
Thomson of Duddingston, 80, 81, 129.
Titian, 149.
Trafalgar, 47.
Trimmer, Rev. Mr., 55.
Turner's Gift, 79, 155.
Twickenham, 54.

Varnishing Days, 87, 140.
Venice, 79, 88.
Versatility, 76.

Wales, 23, 33.
Walhalla, 108.
Waning Health, 110.
Water Colors, 24.
Wells, Mr., 31.
Wilkie, Sir David, 94, 111, 133.
Wilkie's Funeral, 104.
Will, Turner's, 154.

Yorkshire, 26.

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